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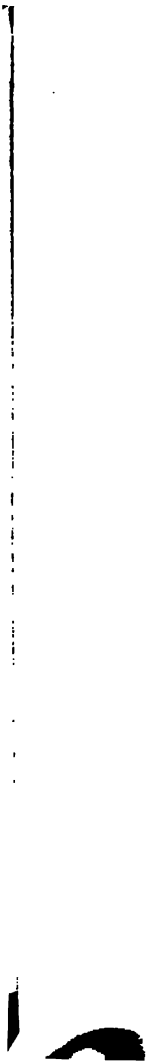


THE GATE OF THESEUS

Athens.

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

VOL. VII.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A. from a sketch by W. Leitch

Engraved by [illegible]

THE PLAIN OF TROY

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, [illegible]
[illegible]

THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON:

WITH

HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS,

AND HIS LIFE,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

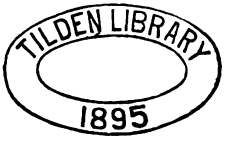
IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1833.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ADVERTISEMENT.

At the distance of eight years from Lord Byron's death, in arranging his poetical works for this the first complete and uniform edition of them, it has been resolved, after much consideration, to follow, as closely as possible, the order of chronology. With a writer whose pieces do not prominently connect themselves with the actual sequence of his private history, another course might have seemed more advisable; but, in the case of one whose compositions reflect constantly the incidents of his own career, the developement of his sentiments, and the growth of his character — in the case of a Petrarch, a Burns, a Schiller, or a Byron, — the advantages of the plan here adopted appear unquestionable.

The poetical works of Lord Byron, thus arranged, and illustrated from his own diaries and letters — (to many of which, as yet in MS., the Editor has had access), — and from the information of his surviving friends, who have

in general answered every enquiry with prompt kindness, — will now present the clearest picture of the history of the man, as they must ever form the noblest monument of his genius.

Besides the juvenile miscellany of 1807, entitled "Hours of Idleness," and the satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," first published in 1809, the present volume embraces a variety of Occasional Pieces, many of them now first printed, written between 1807 and the summer of 1810. Its contents bring down, therefore, the poetical autobiography of Lord Byron, from the early days of Southwell and Harrow, to the time when he had seriously entered on the great work which fixed his place in the highest rank of English literature.

Here the reader is enabled to take "the river of his life" at its sources, and trace it gradually from the boyish regions of passionately tender friendships, innocent half-fanciful loves, and that vague melancholy which hangs over the first stirrings of ambition, until, widening and strengthening as it flows, it begins to appear discoloured with the bitter waters of thwarted affection and outraged pride. No person, it is hoped, will hesitate to confess that new light is thrown on such of these pieces

as had been published previously, by the arrangement and annotation which they have at length received — any more than that, among the minor poems now for the first time printed, there are several which claim a higher place, as productions of Lord Byron's genius, than any of those with which, in justice to him and to his reader, they are thus interwoven.

Composed entirely of verses written between the ages of fifteen and twenty-three, this volume, —even considered in a mere literary point of view, —must be allowed to stand alone in the history of Juvenile Poetry. But every page of it is in fact, when rightly understood, a chapter of the author's "confessions;" and it is by contemplating these faithful records of the progress of his mind and feelings, in conjunction with those already presented in the prose notices of his life, —which mutually illustrate and confirm each other throughout, — that the reader can alone prepare himself for entering with full advantage on the first canto of Childe Harold.

London, June, 1832.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

Page

HOURS OF IDLENESS: A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

DEDICATION - - - - 3

PREFACE - - - - 5

On the Death of a young Lady, Cousin to the Author, and very dear to him - - - 9

To E—— - - - - 11

To D—— - - - - 11

Epitaph on a Friend - - - 12

A Fragment - - - - 14

On leaving Newstead Abbey - - - 15

Lines written in "Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman;" by J. J. Rousseau: founded on Facts - - - - 19

	Page
Answer to the Foregoing - -	19
Adrian's Address to his Soul - - -	20
Translation from Catullus. Ad Lesbiam - -	20
Translation of the Epitaph on Virgil and Tibullus, by Domitius Marsus - - -	21
Imitation of Tibullus. "Sulpicia ad Cerinthum" -	21
Translation from Catullus. "Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque," &c. - - -	22
Imitated from Catullus — To Ellen - -	23
Translation from Horace, "Justum et tenacem," &c.	23
From Anacreon. [Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.] -	24
From Anacreon. [Μεσονυκτιαις ποθ' ὡραις, κ. τ. λ.] -	25
From the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus [Μηδαμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.] - - -	27
To Emma - - - -	28
To M. S. G. - - - -	29
To Caroline - - - -	31
To the same - - - -	32
To the same - - - -	33
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoëns -	35
The first Kiss of Love - - -	36
On a Change of Masters at a great Public School -	37
To the Duke of Dorset - - -	38
Fragment, written shortly after the Marriage of Miss Chaworth - - - -	43

Page

Granta. A Medley - - - - 44

On a distant View of Harrow - - 49

To M. - - - - - 51

To Woman - - - - 52

To M. S. G. - - - - 53

To Mary, on receiving her Picture - - 54

To Lesbia - - - - 55

Lines addressed to a young Lady, who was alarmed at the Sound of a Bullet hissing near her - - 57

Love's last Adieu - - - - 59

Damætas - - - - 61

To Marion - - - - 61

To a Lady who presented to the Author a Lock of Hair braided with his own - - - 63

Oscar of Alva. A Tale - - - 65

The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus - - 78

Translation from the Medea of Euripides [Ἔρωτες ὑπερ μεν ἀγαν, κ. τ. λ.] - - - 92

Thoughts suggested by a College Examination - 94

To a beautiful Quaker - - - 97

The Cornelian - - - - 99

An Occasional Prologue to "The Wheel of Fortune" - - - - 102

On the Death of Mr. Fox - - - 103

The Tear - - - - 105

Page

Reply to some Verses of J. M. B. Pigot, Esq. on the Cruelty of his Mistress - - 107

To the sighing Strephon - - - 109

To Eliza - - - - 110

Lachin y Gair - - - - 111

To Romance - - - - 114

Answer to some elegant Verses sent by a Friend to the Author, complaining that one of his Descriptions was rather too warmly drawn - - 116

Elegy on Newstead Abbey - - - 118

Childish Recollections - - - 126

Answer to a beautiful Poem, entitled "The Common Lot" - - - - 149

To a Lady who presented the Author with the Velvet Band which bound her Tresses [Now first published.] - - - - 161

Remembrance [Now first published.] - - 152

Lines addressed to the Rev. J. T. Becher, on his advising the Author to mix more with Society - 153

The Death of Calmar and Orla. An Imitation of Macpherson's Ossian - - - 155

L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes - - - 161

The Prayer of Nature - - - 164

To Edward Noel Long, Esq. - - - 167

Lines to a Lady [Mrs. Musters.] - - 171

Page

I would I were a careless Child - - - 173

When I roved a young Highlander - - 176

To George, Earl Delawarr - - - 179

To the Earl of Clare - - - 181

Lines written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow - - - - 185

[Article on the "Hours of Idleness," from the Edinburgh Review.] - - 188

OCCASIONAL PIECES: written in 1807-8.

The Adieu. Written under the Impression that the Author would soon die [Now first published.] - 195

To a vain Lady [Now first published.] - - 199

To Anne [Now first published.] - - 201

To the same [Now first published.] - - 202

To the Author of a Sonnet beginning "'Sad is my Verse,' you say, 'and yet no Tear'" [Now first published.] - - - - - 202

On finding a Fan [Now first published.] - - 203

Farewell to the Muse [Now first published.] - 204

To an Oak at Newstead [Now first published.] - 206

On revisiting Harrow - - - - 208

Epitaph on John Adams of Southwell, a Carrier, who died of Drunkenness - - - 209

Page

To my Son - - - - 209

Farewell! if ever fondest Prayer - - 211

Bright be the Place of thy Soul - - 211

When we two parted - - - - 212

To a youthful Friend - - - 213

Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull - 217

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS: A SATIRE - - - - 219

OCCASIONAL PIECES: WRITTEN IN 1808—1810.

Well, thou art happy! - - - 291

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog - - - - - 292

To a Lady, on being asked my Reason for quitting England in the Spring - - - 294

Remind me not, remind me not - - 295

There was a Time, I need not name - - 297

And wilt thou weep when I am low? - - 298

Fill the Goblet again. A Song - - - 300

Stanzas to a Lady, on leaving England - - 302

Lines to Mr. Hodgson. Written on board the Lisbon Packet - - - - 305

Lines written in an Album at Malta - - 308

To Florence - - - - 308

Page

Stanzas composed during a Thunder-storm - 311

Stanzas written on passing the Ambracian Gulf - 314

The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown! - 315

Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos - 315

Maid of Athens, ere we part - - - 317

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

A

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORACE, lib. 3. Ode 1.

Μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἶνεε μήτε τι νείκει.

HOMER, ILIAD, x. 249.

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1807.]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.

THE

SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD

AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN *,

THE AUTHOR.

* Isabel, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron (great-great uncle of the Poet), became, in 1743, the wife of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, and was the mother of the fifth Earl, to whom this dedication was addressed. This lady was a poetess in her way. The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's "Prayer of Indifference," in Pearch's Collection, is usually ascribed to her. —E.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.*

ıubmitting to the public eye the following col-
ion, I have not only to combat the difficulties that
ers of verse generally encounter, but may incur
charge of presumption for obtruding myself on
world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my
more usefully employed.

hese productions are the fruits of the lighter hours
young man who has lately completed his nine-
ıth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a
ish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information.
ıe few were written during the disadvantages of
ss and depression of spirits: under the former in-
nce, "CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS," in particular,
e composed. This consideration, though it cannot
te the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm
ensure. A considerable portion of these poems
been privately printed, at the request and for
perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the
ial and frequently injudicious admiration of a
al circle is not the criterion by which poetical
ius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," we
t "dare greatly;" and I have hazarded my re-

* This Preface was omitted in the second edition. — E.

putation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, "it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please every body; because they who have no connection, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe: on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed: their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation: some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour,

urged me "to this sin:" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former, I leave to others "virûm volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young

ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the Poems of a noble relation of mine*, "That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed†," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail mself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

† The passage referred to by Lord Byron occurs in Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iv. p. 486. (Croker's edition, 1831.) Dr. Johnson's letter to Mrs. Chapone, criticising, on the whole favourably, the Earl's tragedy of "The Father's Revenge," is inserted in the same work, vol. v. p. 136. — E.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM. (1)

Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

(1) The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain; —
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802. (1)

(1) "My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daugh ter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescen beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for n to forget her — her dark eyes — her long eye-lashes — her completely Gre cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve — she rather older, pe haps a year.' She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sist Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful,) died of the same malad and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accide which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to s her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my nam Margaret coloured, throughout the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to t great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, n could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I kne nothing of her illness — being at Harrow and in the country — till she w gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy — a very dull or I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of r cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of o intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow — beauty and peace." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.

TO E——. (1)

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth!
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

TO D——. (2)

IN thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

(1) This little poem, and some others in the collection, refer to a boy of Lord Byron's own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead, for whom he had formed a romantic attachment, of earlier date than any of his school friendships. — E.

(2) The idea of printing a collection of his Poems first occurred to Lord Byron in the parlour of that cottage, which, during his visit to Southwell,

True, she has forc'd thee from my breast,
Yet, in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
Without thee, where would be my heaven

February, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND. (1)

" Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος. — LAERTIUS.

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bi

---

had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before awa his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the Poems of Burns, w young Byron said, that " he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would v down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He t with a pencil, wrote these lines, " To D—." *A fac-simile of this penc fronts this page.* — E.

(1) This poem appears to have been, in its original state, intende commemorate the death of the same lowly-born youth, to whom the a tionate verses given in the preceding page were addressed: —

" Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born, &c.

But, in the altered form of the Epitaph, not only this passage, but e other containing an allusion to the low rank of his young companio omitted; while, in the added parts, the introduction of such language

" What though thy sire lament his failing line,"

at sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
ilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
ld tears retard the tyrant in his course;
ld sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
ld youth and virtue claim a short delay,
beauty charm the spectre from his prey;

---

s calculated to give an idea of the youth's station in life, wholly ent from that which the whole tenour of the original Epitaph warrants. he grew more conscious of his high station, as he approached to man- , is not improbable, and this wish to sink his early friendship with the g cottager may have been a result of that feeling. — MOORE.

e following is a copy of the lines as they first appeared in the private me: —

"Oh, Boy! for ever lov'd, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst liv'd to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
Though low thy lot, since in a cottage born,
No titles did thy humble name adorn,
To me, far dearer was thy artless love
Than all the joys wealth, fame, and friends could prove:
For thee alone I lived, or wish'd to live;
Oh God! if impious, this rash word forgive!
Heart-broken now, I wait an equal doom,
Content to join thee in thy turf-clad tomb;
Where, this frail form composed in endless rest,
I 'll make my last cold pillow on thy breast;
That breast where oft in life I 've laid my head,
Will yet receive me mouldering with the dead;
This life resign'd, without one parting sigh,
Together in one bed of earth we 'll lie!
Together share the fate to mortals given;
Together mix our dust, and hope for heaven."

Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

When, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!

No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone(1):
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot;
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY. (2)

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."— OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

(1) Of the sincerity of this youthful aspiration, the poet has left repeated proofs. By his will, drawn up in 1811, he directed, that "no inscription, save his name and age, should be written on his tomb;" and, in 1819, he wrote thus to Mr. Murray:— "Some of the epitaphs at the Certosa cemetery, at Ferrara, pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

"Martini Luigi
Implora pace."

Can any thing be more full of pathos? I hope whoever may survive me will see those two words, and no more, put over me."— E.

(2) The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, in Sherwood, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., and dedicated to God and the Virgin.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain(1),
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan(2) slumbers,
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel by death.

It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, it was added, with the lands adjoining, to the other possessions of the Byron family. The favourite upon whom they were conferred, was the grand-nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name, in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the abbey, while in the possession of the poet, were decorated. — E.

(1) There being no record of any of Lord Byron's ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, Mr. Moore suggests, that the poet may have had no other authority for this notion than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracen or Moor, with an European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, the female occupies the centre, while on either side is the head of a Saracen, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing known; but the tradition is, that they refer to a love adventure of the age of the Crusades. — E.

(2) "In the park of Horseley," says Thoroton, "there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Burun's successors."

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy (1);
For the safety of Edward and England they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell.

On Marston (2), with Rupert (3), 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd. (4)

(1) Two of the family of Byron are enumerated as serving with distinction in the siege of Calais, under Edward III., and as among the knights who fell on the glorious field of Cressy. — E.

(2) The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

(3) Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

(4) Sir Nicholas Byron served with distinction in the Low Countries; and, in the Great Rebellion, he was one of the first to take up arms in the royal cause. After the battle of Edgehill, he was made colonel-general of Cheshire and Shropshire, and governor of Chester. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, which gave great life to the designs of the well affected; and, with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, he raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy, sometimes with notable advantage, never with signal loss."

In 1643, Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which he deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connection with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Biron," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." We find also, in the reply of Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, to his cousin-german Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the chivalrous fidelity of the race.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

1803.

Sir Richard, having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."

On the monument of Richard, the second Lord Byron, who lies buried in the chancel of Hucknal-Tokard church, there is the following inscription: — "Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron, who, with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First in the civil wars, who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes: yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours of the said Richard Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity." — E.

LINES WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"AWAY, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ——.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,
From which thou'dst guard frail female hearts,
Exist but in imagination,—
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;
For he who views that witching grace,
That perfect form, that lovely face,
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,
He never wishes to deceive thee:
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,
Thou 'lt there descry that elegance
Which from our sex demands such praises,
But envy in the other raises:
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
Believe me, only does his duty:
Ah! fly not from the candid youth;
It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING. (1)

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca —
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be —
Greater than Jove he seems to me —
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;

(1) This and several little pieces that follow appear to be fragments of school exercises done at Harrow. — E.

But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

RANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who sublime in epic numbers roll'd
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's(1) unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum." — *Lib.* 4.

RUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease
hich racks my breast your fickle bosom please?

1) The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.

Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again:
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate:
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &c.]

Ye Cupids, droop each little head
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she lov'd:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom mov'd:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirupp'd oft, and, free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having passed the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:

From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire:
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss:
Nor then my soul should sated be;
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever;
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.
To part would be a vain endeavour:
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamours can control;
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
Can swerve him from his just intent:

Gales the warring waves which plough,
By Auster on the billows spent,
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd determin'd mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurtling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
He would, unmov'd, unaw'd behold.
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

[Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fir'd with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:

With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds;
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON.

[*Μεσονυκτιαις τοθ' ὡραις, κ. τ. λ.*]

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep:
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force.
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
"What stranger breaks my blest repose?"

"Alas!" replies the wily child
In faltering accounts sweetly mild,
"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home.
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
The nightly storm is pouring fast.
No prowling robber lingers here.
A wandering baby who can fear?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale:
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe.
I drew the bar, and by the light
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung
(Ah! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart).
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring:
His shivering limbs the embers warm;
And now reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow:—
"I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, "if this its strength has lost;
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse."
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies;

Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd: —
"My bow can still impel the shaft:
'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it;
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδαμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd. (1)

Harrow, Dec. 1. 1804.

(1) Lord Byron in one of his diaries says, "My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as Exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head master) but coolly. No one had, at that time, the least notion that I should subside into poesy." — E.

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
Which tears me far from one so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We lingering look a last farewell,

O'er fields through which we used to run,
And spend the hours in childish play;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past — our joys are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy vale;
These scenes I must retrace alone:
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
The anguish of a last embrace?
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks bedew;
This is of love the final close,
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
Yet, I forego that bliss divine,
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
How could I dwell upon its snows!
Yet is the daring wish represt,
For that, — would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;
Yet I conceal my love, — and why?
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
And shall I plead my passion now,
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
United by the priest's decree:
By any ties but those divine,
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
With joy I court a certain doom,
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
Rather than such a sting impart,
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
More than I here shall dare to tell;
Thy innocence and mine to save, —
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
And hope no more thy soft embrace;

Which to obtain my soul would dare,
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame,
And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
In signs alone it breath'd my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain,—
But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,
Nor let thy mind past joys review,—
Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

When I hear you express an affection so warm,
Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;
For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear;
That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,
Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear;

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,
When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features,
Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree
Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his creatures,
In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,
No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;
He worships each look with such faithful devotion,
A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,
And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,
Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low,—

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow;
Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE.

Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow?
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay?

The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
  But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,
  I blast not the fiends who have hurled me from bliss;
For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
  Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
  Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage,
On our foes should my glance lanch in vengeance its lightning,
  With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
  Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;
Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,
  Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
  Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer;
Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation,
  In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
  Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled?
If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
  Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS. (1)

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize;
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same. (2)

(1) Lord Strangford's translations of Camoën's Amatory Poems are entioned by Mr. Moore as having been at this period a favourite study of rd Byron. — E.

(2) The latter years of Camoëns present a mournful picture, not merely individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years d been devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her erary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed rn to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, s compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependant on ual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

'Α Βαρβιτος δε χορδαις
'Ερωτα μουνον ηχει. ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art:
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

---

path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoëns to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoëns sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1579. — STRANGFORD.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
  Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move:
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams;
  What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
  From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
  And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
  For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
  Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL. (1)

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,
When Probus (2) fill'd your magisterial throne?
As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat Pomposus where your Probus sate.

(1) In March, 1805, Dr. Drury retired from his situation of head-master at Harrow, and was succeeded by Dr. Butler. — E.

(2) Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had; and I look upon him still as a father. — *Diary.*

Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
Pomposus (1) holds you in his harsh control;
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET. (2)

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,

---

(1) At Harrow I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes — except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since. — *Diary.*

[The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr. Butler, before his departure for Greece, in 1809, is (says Moore) "one of those instances of placability and pliableness with which his life abounded. Not content with this private atonement to the Doctor, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute, for the offensive verses against that gentleman, a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them." — E.]

(2) In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who

Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command (1);
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches and the pride of power;
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors (2), fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.
When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee, —
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn, —
When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
On one by birth predestined to be great;

---

had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

[George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born November 15. 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, February 22. 1815, being on a visit at the time to his mother, the duchess-dowager, and her second husband, Charles Earl of Whitworth, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. — E.]

(1) At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

(2) Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
Believe them not;—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart; 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear;
For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away;
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.

There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too:
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.
Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth.(1)
Another view, not less renown'd for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.(2)
Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their name;
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;

(1) "Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created Earl of Dorset by James I., was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama."—*Anderson's Poets.*

(2) "Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665; on the day previous to which he composed his celebrated song, 'To all you Ladies now at Land.' His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve."—*Anderson's Poets.*

Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were mine:
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell;
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.
Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,

If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.(1)

1805.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH.

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.(2)

1805.

(1) I have just been, or rather ought to be, very much shocked by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met, but once, I think, since 1805—and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; and all I can say for it now is, that—it is not worth breaking. The recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not, set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands.—*Byron's Letters*, 1815.—(The verses referred to were those melancholy ones, beginning,

"There's not a joy the world can give, like those it takes away."—E.)

(2) The circumstances which lent so peculiar an interest to Lord Byron's introduction to the family of Chaworth are sufficiently explained in the "Notices of his Life," vol. i. p. 84. "The young lady herself combined," says the writer, "with the many worldly advantages that en-

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

"Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα Κρατήσαις;"

Oh! could Le Sage's(1) demon's gift
Be realized at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.(2)

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circled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was at this period (1804) that the young poet seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting; six short weeks which he passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life. With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell of her on that hill near Annesley, which, in his poem of 'The Dream,' he describes so happily as 'crowned with a peculiar diadem.'" In August, 1805, she was married to John Musters, Esq.; and died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832, in consequence, it is believed, of the alarm and danger to which she had been exposed during the sack of Colwick Hall by a party of rioters from Nottingham. The unfortunate lady had been in a feeble state of health for several years, and she and her daughter were obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrubbery, where, partly from cold, partly from terror, her constitution sustained a shock which it wanted vigour to resist. — E.

(1) The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

(2) On the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806, Lord Henry Petty and

Lo! candidates and voters lie (1)
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number:
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H—— (2), indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men:
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal:
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

Lord Palmerston were candidates to represent the University of Cambridge in parliament. — E.

(1) The fourth and fifth stanzas ran, in the private volume, thus: —

"One on his power and place depends,
The other on — the Lord knows what!
Each to some eloquence pretends,
Though neither will convince by that.

"The first, indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men," &c. — E.

(2) Edward-Harvey Hawke, third Lord Hawke.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest
To scan precisely metres attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic:

Who reads false quantities in Seale (1),
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
In barbarous Latin (2) doom'd to wrangle:

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse. (3)

Still, harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent;

(1) Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

(2) The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

(3) The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine,
When drunkenness and dice invite,
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay:
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray:

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight.
What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd, array'd in white(1),
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

(1) On a saint's day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
  Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
  To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
  Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
  In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
  By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
  On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
  Inpired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
  The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
  The deuce a soul will stay to read:
My pen is blunt, my ink is low;
  'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!
  No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
No more thy theme my muse inspires:
  The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos. — VIRGIL.

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last(1);

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought(2);
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone(3) I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

(1) "My school-friendships were with me *passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now." — *Diary*, 1821.

(2) "At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven." — *Ibid.*

(3) They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's Tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought. — E.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga (1), I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop (2) himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by loud plaudits (3) and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me, (4)
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!

(1) For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages; such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm. — E.

(2) Mossop, a cotemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

(3) "My grand patron, Dr. Drury, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action." — *Diary.*

(4) In the private volume the two last stanzas ran —

"I thought this poor brain, fever'd even to madness,
Of tears, as of reason, for ever was drain'd;
But the drops which now flow down this bosom of sadness,
Convince me the springs have some moisture retain'd.

"Sweet scenes of my childhood! your blest recollection
Has wrung from these eyelids, to weeping long dead,
In torrents the tears of my warmest affection,
The last and the fondest I ever shall shed."

Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew."

1806.

TO M ——.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.(1)

1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee:
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are nought;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
When join'd with hope, when still possessing;
But how much cursed by every lover
When hope is fled and passion's over.

(1) "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return." — SHAKSP.

Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."(1)

TO M. S. G.

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live,—
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

(1) The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE. (1)

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

(1) Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen, all that has been ascertained is, that she was of an humble, if not equivocal, station in life,—and that she had long light golden hair, "of which," says Moore, "he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends."—E.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;
But where's the beam so sweetly straying(1)
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill cheer;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

LESBIA! since far from you I've ranged,
Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

(1) In the private volume—

But where's the beam of soft desire?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Love, only love, could e'er inspire.—E.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;
And, Lesbia! we are not much older,
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingering past away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason;
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;
Warm was the passion of my youth,
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And—though our dream at last is ended—
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;
Absence has made me prone to roving;
But older, firmer hearts than ours
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,

Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed;
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.] (1)

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling (2) o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity turn'd the death aside.

(1) The occurrence took place at Southwell, and the beautiful lady to whom the lines were addressed was Miss Houson. — E.

(2) This word is used by Gray, in his poem to the Fatal Sisters: —

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles through the darken'd air."

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone
For such an outrage done to thee?
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part,
The sentence I should scarce deplore;
It only would restore a heart
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
Is to become no longer free;
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
Such expiation of my guilt:
Come then, some other mode elect;
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;
Yet hold — one little word forbear!
Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Αει, δ' αει με φευγει.—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen breast,
Will whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew:"
With this dream of deceit half our sorrow 's represt,
Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine of youth
Love twined round their childhood his flow'rs as they grew;
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way
Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue?
Yet why do I ask? — to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?
From cities to caves of the forest he flew:
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind;
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul wrapt in steel!
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,
Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;
No more with love's former devotion we sue:
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
Astrea declares that some penance is due;
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
His cypress, the garland of love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant (1), and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin:
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane. (2)

TO MARION.

Marion! why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?

(1) In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

(2) "When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow — wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford — wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds; and, consequently, about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop." *Diary.* — Mr. Moore adds, "The sort of life which young Byron led at this period, between the dissipations of London and of Cambridge, without a home to welcome, or even the roof of a single relative to receive him, was but little calculated to render him satisfied either with himself or the world. Unrestricted as he was by deference to any will but his own, even the pleasures to which he was naturally most inclined prematurely palled upon him, for want of those best zests of all enjoyment — rarity and restraint."

Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love 's a stranger to thy breast;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips — but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
She blushes, curt'sies, frowns, — in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me;
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there)
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least 's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;

Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion, adieu! oh, pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I 'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love:
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

HO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN. (1)

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,

(1) See *ante*, p. 54. note.

Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we 've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene 's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion,
To form the place of assignation. (1)
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.

(1) In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the tomb of all the Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of *December*, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. We would advise these *liberal* commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakspeare*.

In Italy I 've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid:
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet, as oft we 've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you:
There we can love for hours together,
Much better, in such snowy weather,
Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
That ever witness'd rural loves;
Then, if my passion fail to please,
Next night I 'll be content to freeze;
No more I 'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after. (1)

OSCAR OF ALVA. (2)

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;

1) Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been sed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an mired work, "Carr's Stranger in France." — "As we were contemplating ainting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered ole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have ıched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through r glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear, 'that the inde- ıum was in the remark.'"

2) The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo

Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd:

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low;

While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

---

and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's "Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer." It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

But, who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note;(1)
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain

(1) Lord Byron falls into a very common error, that of mistaking *pibroch*, which means a particular sort of tune, for the instrument on which it is played, the bagpipe. Almost every foreign tourist, Nodier, for example, does the same. The reader will find this little slip noticed in the article from the Edinburgh Review appended to these pages. — E.

Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell:
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled:
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?

While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride:
"Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
"With me he roved not o'er the glade:

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
"Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would aught to her impede his way?

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around!
Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion — through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain:
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,
His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my son!—thou God of Heav'n
Restore the prop of sinking age!
Or if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore
My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live,—away, despair!
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;
T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!
O God! my impious prayer forgive.

"What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er:
Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear;

His hope now droop'd and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes' far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me;
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,

Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"Tis well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye;
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance the chief has only roved;
For him thy Beltane (1) yet may burn. (2)

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
With wine let every cup be crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

(1) Beltane Tree, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.

(2) *Beal-tain* means the fire of Baal, and the name still preserves the primeval origin of this Celtic superstition. — E.

" With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;
" Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

" Bravely, old man, this health has sped;
But why does Allan trembling stand?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury placed.

" And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
" Would Oscar now could share our mirth!"
Internal fear appall'd his soul;
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

" 'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form;

" A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

" Away, away! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
His sand is done,—his race is run;
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel:
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;

And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS,

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field:
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;

Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought:—In deep and sullen grief
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief:
Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found;
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy:—
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?

Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath:
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus, — "Calm thy bosom's fond alarms:
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall, — and he who dares advance
Through hostile legions must abide by chance, —
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.

Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."
" In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
Replied Euryalus; " it scorns control!
Hence, let us haste!" — their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear:
Iulus greets them; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

" With patience " (thus Hyrtacides began)
" Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,

Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed.
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak!
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We 'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night:
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd,
"Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of Troy,
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
Our deities the first best boon have given —
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.

What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Iulus then: — "By all the powers above!
By those Penates who my country love!
By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown!
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey:
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;
Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave:
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past:
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway,
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;

Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus: — "No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:

Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied;
"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's (1) style but wanting to the dame.
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred oath—
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
His prayer he sends; but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!

(1) The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between:
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
"Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labour share:
Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast:
Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed:
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince;
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead:
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour;
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd;
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:

Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls:
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fadus scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd;
Full foes enough to-night have breath'd their last:
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt:
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course:
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens with question loud the pair alarms: —
"Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
From whence, to whom? — He meets with no reply:
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:
The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:

Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
"O God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left!"
Listening he runs — above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise;
The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys:
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound;
Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wished to live?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye: —
"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,

Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he dies, — the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven:
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes;
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall.
" Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all!"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
" Me, me, — your vengeance hurl on me alone;
Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven! attest!
He could not — durst not — lo! the guile confest!
All, all was mine, — his early fate suspend;
He only loved too well his hapless friend:
Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remove;
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:

As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe;
Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow;
In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

[Ἔρωτες ὑπερ μεν ἀγαν, κ. τ. λ.]

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh,
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine —
With me to live, with me to die!

My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home;
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame! (1) no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

(1) Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key (1)
The milder treasures of his soul, —
May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus (2) his ample front sublime uprears:
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

(1) The original is "Καθαρὰν ἀνοίξαντι κλῆδα φρενῶν;" literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

(2) No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

[Dr. William Lort Mansel was, in 1798, appointed to the head-ship of Trinity College, by Mr. Pitt. He was indebted to the influence of his fellow collegian, the late Mr. Perceval, for his subsequent promotion to the see of Bristol. He is supposed to have materially assisted in the "Pursuits of Literature." His Lordship died at Trinity Lodge, in June, 1820. — E.]

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone 's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S(1) glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud:
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:

(1) Demosthenes.

No borrow'd grace of action must be seen;
The slightest motion would displease the Dean;(1)
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word —
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's (2) note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote:

(1) In most colleges, the Fellow who superintends the chapel service is called *Dean*. — E.

(2) The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

[Lord Byron, in a letter written in 1818, says: — " I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening; for in the hall, he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's; — and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour; but I have seen him, in a private party

Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour;(1)
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They 'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!
Such is their practice, such is their reward!
This much, at least, we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.

---

of under-graduates, take up a poker to them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times I saw him went. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents; as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot: and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication.—1818.]

(1) Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment. [Lord Henry Petty is now Marquess of Lansdowne.—E.]

I would not say, " I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will:
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more represt;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels:
Deceit the guilty lips impart;
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, " 'twas the spirit moved us."
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou 'lt partly guess;
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.
This for myself, at least, I 'll say,
Thy form appears through night, through day:
Awake, with it my fancy teems;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray

For breaking slumbers of delight
Which make me wish for endless night!
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care:
"May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover!
May that fair bosom never know
What 'tis to feel the restless woe
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him who never can forget!" (1)

THE CORNELIAN.(2)

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;

(1) These verses were written at Harrowgate, in August 1806. — E.

(2) The cornelian of these verses was given to Lord Byron by the Cambridge chorister, Eddlestone, whose musical talents first introduced him to

With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.(1)

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it;

---

the young poet's acquaintance, and for whom he appears to have entertained, subsequently, a sentiment of the most romantic friendship.—E.

(1) In a letter to Miss Pigot, of Southwell, written in June, 1807, Lord Byron thus describes Eddlestone:—"He is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself, nearly my height, very thin, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know; I hope I shall never have occasion to change it." Eddlestone, on leaving his choir, entered into a mercantile house in the metropolis, and died of a consumption, in 1811. Lord Byron, on hearing of his death, thus writes to the mother of his fair correspondent:—"I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a cornelian, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed gave to her, and now I am about to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him who formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that cornelian died in May last, of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one,—making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relations that I have lost between May and the end of August."—The cornelian heart was returned accordingly; and, indeed, Miss Pigot reminded Lord Byron that he had left it with her as a deposit, not a gift. It is now in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh.—E.

I told him when the gift I took,
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fix'd her fickle breast;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.(1)

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *début* (2)
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:

(1) "When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides Harrow speeches, in which I shone, I enacted Penruddock, in the "Wheel of Fortune," and Tristram Fickle, in the farce of "The Weathercock," for three nights, in some private theatricals at Southwell, in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience."—*Diary*, 1821.

(2) This prologue was written by the young poet, between stages, on his way from Harrowgate. On getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he said to his companion, "Now, Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield he had completed his task,—interrupting, only once, his rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "*début*," and, on being answered (not, it would seem, very correctly), exclaiming, "Ay, that will do for rhyme to '*new*.'" The epilogue, which was from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Becher, was delivered by Lord Byron.—E.

Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly:
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER.

"Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when Pitt resign'd his breath:
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

Oh factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When Pitt expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:
When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast-reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points its due;"
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep;
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own;

Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask. (1)

THE TEAR.

" O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit." — *Gray.*

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection 's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

(1) The " illiberal impromptu " appeared in the Morning Post, and Lord Byron's " reply " in the Morning Chronicle. — E.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
All his toils are repaid when, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth! (1) seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
My Mary to Love once so dear,
In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest, may she live ever blest!
Her name still my heart must revere:
With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near:
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

(1) Harrow.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask — all I wish — is a Tear.

October 26th, 1806.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

Why, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet, believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthral, I 'd abandon them all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you 're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er;
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
As your fair was so devilish reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips once have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when "I rove, I know nothing of love;"
'Tis true, I am given to range:
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonists' school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA. (1)

Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven;
Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

(1) Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, to whom several of Lord Byron's earliest letters were addressed. See vol. i. p. 100.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;
On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil;
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
"Though women are angels, yet wedlock 's the devil."

LACHIN Y GAIR. (1)

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

(1) *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;(1)
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car:
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill starr'd, (2) though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden, (3)
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:

(1) This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

(2) I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the *Gordons*," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

(3) Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;(1)
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar:
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr! (2)

(1) A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.

(2) In the "Island," a poem written a year or two before Lord Byron's death, we have these lines —

"He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apeninne,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch na Garr with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

"When very young," (he adds in a note) "about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed, by medical advice, into the Highlands, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a moun-

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue;
When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a sylph in every dame,
A Pylades (1) in every friend?

---

tain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."—E.

(1) It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

But leave at once thy realms of air
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for—themselves?

With shame I own I've felt thy sway;
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar.
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female choir,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrensy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulf appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

> "But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
> Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
> If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
> May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?"
> *New Bath Guide.*

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER! (1) to commend
The verse which blends the censor with the friend.

(1) The Rev. John Becher, prebendary of Southwell, the well-known author of several philanthropic plans for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. In this gentleman the youthful poet found not only an honest

Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
For this wild error which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon, — must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart:
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love:
Let those they ne'er confined my lay reprove:
Let those whose souls contemn the pleasing power
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth; —
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be't from me the "virgin's mind" to "taint:"
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,

---

and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. To his care the superintendence of the second edition of "Hours of Idleness," during its progress through a country press, was intrusted, and at his suggestion several corrections and omissions were made. "I must return you," says Lord Byron, in a letter written in February, 1808, "my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bantlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the *advice* and the *adviser*." — E.

Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe—
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
The light effusions of a heedless boy.
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud:
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

November 26. 1806.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY. (1)

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."—*Ossian.*

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S (2) pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

(1) As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.

(2) Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket. [See *ante*, p. 15. note.]

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs (1), obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross (2) demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
His feudal realm in other regions lay:
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

(1) This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman;" synonymous with vassal.

(2) The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend
Soon as the gloaming (1) spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary (2) paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY (3) the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair —
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

(1) As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

(2) The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

(3) At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron. [See *ante*, p. 16. note.]

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress (1) now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

(1) Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

Trembling, she snatched him (1) from th' unequal strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND (2) fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould:
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

(1) Lord Byron, and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the royal army. The former was general in chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

(2) Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omened birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing (1) the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler (2) now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

(1) This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

(2) Charles II.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the Lake;(1)
Exulting shouts announce the finished race.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

(1) During the lifetime of the fifth Lord Byron, there was found in this Lake — where it is supposed to have been thrown for concealment by the Monks — a large brass eagle, in the body of which, on its being sent to be cleaned, was discovered a secret aperture, concealing within it a number of ancient documents connected with the rights and privileges of the foundation. At the sale of the old Lord's effects, in 1776, this eagle was purchased by a watchmaker of Nottingham; and it now forms, through the liberality Sir Richard Kaye, an appropriate ornament of the fine old church of Southwell. — E.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love, forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.(1)

(1) "Come what may," wrote Byron to his mother, in March 1809, "Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot; I have fixed my heart upon it; and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain, in exchange for Newstead Abbey, the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead."

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;(1)
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.(2)

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS. (3)

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;
When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring;

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(1) "We cannot," said the Critical Review for September, 1807, "but hail, with something of prophetic rapture, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza —

"Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine," &c.

(2) The reader who turns from this Elegy to the stanzas descriptive of Newstead Abbey and the surrounding scenery, in the thirteenth canto of Don Juan, cannot fail to remark how frequently the leading thoughts in the two pieces are the same; or to be delighted and instructed, in comparing the juvenile sketch with the bold touches and mellow colouring of the master's picture. — E.]

(3) These verses were composed while Lord Byron was suffering under severe illness and depression of spirits. "I was laid," he says, "on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written, or rather dictated — expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee." In the private volume the poem opened with the following lines: —

"Hence! thou unvarying song of varied loves,
Which youth commends, maturer age reproves;
Which every rhyming bard repeats by rote,
By thousands echo'd to the self-same note!
Tired of the dull, unceasing, copious strain,
My soul is panting to be free again.
Farewell! ye nymphs propitious to my verse,
Some other Damon will your charms rehearse;
Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
Or dwell in rapture on your nectar'd kiss.

: to the aching frame alone confined,
yielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
at grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
h Resignation wage relentless strife,
ile Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
: less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
nembrance sheds around her genial power,
ls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
en love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven;
dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
se fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
when through clouds that pour the summer storm
: orb of day unveils his distant form,

Those beauties, grateful to my ardent sight,
No more entrance my senses in delight;
Those bosoms, form'd of animated snow,
Alike are tasteless, and unfeeling now.
These to some happier lover I resign —
The memory of those joys alone is mine.
Censure no more shall brand my humble name,
The child of passion and the fool of fame.
Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.
World! I renounce thee! all my hope 's o'ercast:
One sigh I give thee, but that sigh 's the last.
Friends, foes, and females, now alike adieu!
Would I could add, remembrance of you too!
Yet though the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The curse of memory, hovering in my dreams,
Depicts with glowing pencil all those years,
Ere yet my cup, empoison'd, flow'd with tears;
Still rules my senses with tyrannic sway,
The past confounding with the present day.
" Alas! in vain I check the maddening thought;
It still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought:
My soul to Fancy's," &c. &c., as at line 29.

Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
To scenes far distant points his paler rays;
Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields;
Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source;
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior place.
These with a thousand visions now unite,
To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight. (1)
IDA! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful quire;

(1) The next fifty-six lines, to —

"Here first remember'd be the joyous band,"

were added in the first edition of Hours of Idleness. — E.

icks of mischief, every childish game,
nged by time or distance, seem the same;
gh winding paths along the glade, I trace
›cial smile of every welcome face;
›nted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
earl› boyish friend, or youthful foe,
:uds dissolved, but not my friendship past:—
; the former, and forgive the last.
: of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast,
're a stranger, friendship made me blest;—
lship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
every artless bosom throbs with truth;
ıght by worldly wisdom how to feign,
:heck each impulse with prudential rein;
all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
e to friends, in open hate to foes;
ırnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
:ar-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
crisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
:ed by age, the garb of prudence wears.
ı now the boy is ripen'd into man,
areful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
ıcts his son from candour's path to shrink,
thly to speak, and cautiously to think;
o assent, and never to deny—
ron's praise can well reward the lie:
who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
d lose his opening prospects for a word?
ugh against that word his heart rebel,
:ruth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the task
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:
Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
With this submission all her rage expired.
From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave;
Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
POMPOSUS' (1) virtues are but known to few:
I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
If since on Granta's failings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again,
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief (2), obedient to command;

(1) Dr. Butler, head-master of Harrow school. Had Lord Byron published another edition of these poems, it appears, from a loose sheet in his handwriting, to have been his intention, instead of the passage beginning — "Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew," to insert —

"If once my muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true,
By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns, —
With noble minds a fault confess'd, atones." — E.

(2) When Dr. Drury retired, in 1805, three candidates presented them-

oin'd with me in every boyish sport —
first adviser, and their last resort;
hrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
the sable glories of his gown; (1)
thus transplanted from his father's school —
to govern, ignorant of rule —
:eded him, whom all unite to praise,
lear preceptor of my early days;
us (2), the pride of science, and the boast,
)A now, alas! for ever lost.

)r the vacant chair, Messrs. Drury, Evans, and Butler. "On the vement to which this contest gave rise in the school, young Wild- ays Moore, "was at the head of the party for Mark Drury, while :eld himself aloof from any. Anxious, however, to have him as an e of the Drury faction said to Wildman — 'Byron, I know, will not :ause he does not choose to act second to any one, but, by giving leadership to him, you may at once secure him.'" This Wild-)ordingly did, and Byron took the command.—E.

istead of this couplet, the private volume has the following four

"Careless to soothe the pedant's furious frown,
Scarcely respecting his majestic gown;
By which, in vain, he gain'd a borrow'd grace,
Adding new terror to his sneering face." — E.

r. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situ- March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the nty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself antage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Pane-)uld here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifi- which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place be- hree rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi!
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.

vas Byron's parting eulogy on Dr. Drury. It may be interesting)y the side of it the Doctor's own account of his pupil, when first :ed to his care: — "I took," says the Doctor, "my young dis- :o my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by enquiries as rmer amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or t; and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted nanagement. But there was mind in his eye. His manner and soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a ather than by a cable; — and on that principle I acted." — E.]

With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
And fear'd the master, though we loved the sage:
Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair;
POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear: (1)
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
His name and precepts be alike forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round;
There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;

(1) To this passage, had Lord Byron published another edition of Hours of Idleness, it was his intention to give the following turn:—

"Another fills his magisterial chair;
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;
Oh! may like honours crown his future name:
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame."—E.

While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer heat:
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day:
"'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son —
The one long graved, the other just begun:
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire:(1)
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.

(1) During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the school-room from being burnt down, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls. — E.

And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour;—
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
"And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd;(1)
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely staid at home;"—
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive:
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before—
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,

(1) Lord Byron elsewhere thus describes his usual course of life while at Harrow—"always cricketing, rebelling, *rowing*, and in all manner of mischiefs." One day, in a fit of defiance, he tore down all the gratings from the window of the hall; and when called upon by Dr. Butler to say

I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found;
The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wand'rers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.(1)

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why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "because they darkened the room." — E.

(1) This description of what the young poet felt in 1806, on encountering in the world any of his former schoolfellows, falls far short of the page in which he records an accidental meeting with Lord Clare, on the road between Imola and Bologna in 1821. "This meeting," he says, "annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of Harrow. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare too was much agitated — more in appearance than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them." — We may also quote the following interesting sentences of Madame Guiccioli: — "In 1822 (says she), a few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee —
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's (1) care.

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came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend: his emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down."—E.

(1) In all the lives of Lord Byron hitherto published, the character of the poet's father has been alluded to in terms of unmitigated reprobation, for which the ascertained facts of his history afford but a slender pretext. He had, like his son, the misfortune of being brought up by *a* mother alone, — Admiral Byron, his father, being kept at a distance from his family by professional duties. His education was completed at a foreign military academy, not, in those days at least, a very favourable school; and from this, on receiving a commission in the Coldstream guards, he was plunged, while yet a boy, into all the temptations to which a person of singular beauty, and manners of the most captivating grace, can expose the heir of a noble name in our luxurious metropolis. The unfortunate intrigue, which has been gravely talked of as marking his character with something like horror, occurred when he was hardly of age. At all events, as Captain Byron, *who died in his thirty-fifth year*, could have had no influence in determining the course of his son's education or pursuits, it is difficult to understand on what grounds his personal qualities have been made the theme of discussion, to say nothing of angry vituperation, either in Memoirs of Lord B. or Reviews of those Memoirs.

Some unworthy reflections on the subject were hazarded in a biographical sketch of the noble Poet, prefixed to a French translation of one of his works, which appeared very shortly before he left Genoa for Greece; and the remarks which these drew from the son at the time will probably go far to soften the general impression respecting the father. As the letter which Lord Byron addressed to the gentleman who had forwarded the offensive tract from Paris has not hitherto been printed, and was probably the last he wrote before quitting Italy, we make no apology for the length of the following extract: —

Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?

" *Genoa*, 10*th July*, 1823.

" As to the Essay, &c., I have nothing to object to it, with regard to what concerns myself personally, though naturally there are some of the facts in it discoloured, and several errors into which the author has been led by the accounts of others. I allude to facts, and not criticisms. But the same author has cruelly calumniated my father and my grand-uncle, but more especially the former. So far from being 'brutal,' he was, according to the testimony of all who knew him, of an extremely amiable and joyous character, but careless and dissipated. He had consequently the reputation of a good officer, and showed himself such in America. The facts themselves refute the assertion. It is not by 'brutality' that a young officer of the guards seduces and carries off a Marchioness, and marries two heiresses. It is true that he was a very handsome man, which goes a good way. His first wife (Lady Conyers and Marchioness of Carmarthen) did not die of grief, but of a malady which she caught by having imprudently insisted upon accompanying my father to a hunt, before she was completely recovered from the accouchement which gave birth to my sister Augusta. His second wife, my respectable mother, had, I assure you, too proud a spirit to bear with the ill usage of any man, no matter who he might be; and this she would have soon proved. I should add, that he lived a long time at Paris, and was in habits of intimacy with the old Marshal Biron, commandant of the French guards, who, from the similarity of names, and Norman origin of our family, supposed that there was some distant relationship between us. He died some years before the age of forty; and whatever may have been his faults, they were certainly not those of harshness and grossness. — If the notice should reach England, I am certain that the passage relative to my father will give much more pain to my sister even than to me. Augusta and I have always loved the memory of our father as much as we loved each other; and this at least forms a presumption, that the stain of harshness was not applicable to it. If he dissipated his fortune, that concerns us alone, for we are his heirs; and till we reproach him with it, I know no one else who has a right to do so.

" As to the Lord Byron, who killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Stag-hounds, after that event; and did not give up society until his son had offended him, by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth,

For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest:
I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;
I hear again,—but, ah! no brother's voice.
A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone. (1)
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than IDA's social band.

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who was a *spadassin*, and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used upon that occasion in his bedchamber, and there it still was when he died. It is singular enough, that when very young, I formed a strong attachment for the grand-niece and heiress of Mr. Chaworth, who stood in the same degree of relationship as myself to Lord Byron; and at one time it was thought that an union would have taken place. This is a long letter, and principally about my family; but it is the fault of my benevolent biographer. He may say of me whatever of good or evil pleases him; but I desire that he should speak of my relations only as they deserve. If you could find an occasion of making him rectify the facts relative to my father, and publish them, you would do me a great service; for I cannot bear to have him unjustly spoken of.

"P.S. The 11th or 12th of this month, I shall embark for Greece. Should I return, I shall pass through Paris, and shall be much flattered in meeting you and your friends. *Should I not return*, give me as affectionate a place in your remembrance as possible." — E.

(1) It has been reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling, which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been con-

Alonzo ! (1) best and dearest of my friends,
y name ennobles him who thus commends :
›m this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise ;
e praise is his who now that tribute pays.
! in the promise of thy early youth,
hope anticipate the words of truth,
ne loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
build his own upon thy deathless fame.
end of my heart, and foremost of the list
those with whom I lived supremely blest,
: have we drain'd the font of ancient lore ;
ough drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.

›d. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its ex- ite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to l Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara :

" Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself— that heritage of woe ! "— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

) The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards, brother to ›ard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt. He died of a fever, in his twentieth ', at Coimbra, May 14th, 1811. — " Of all human beings," says Lord on, " I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield. d known him the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine." hearing of the death of his beloved schoolfellow, he added the following ›as to the first canto of Childe Harold : —

" And thou, my friend ! — since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain —
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid ev'n Friendship to complain :
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ?

" Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most !
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here ! " &c. — E.

Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impell'd the flying ball;
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
DAVUS (1), the harbinger of childish joy;
For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;
Yet with a breast of such materials made —
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:(2)

(1) The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B. A., of Christ Church, Oxford; who died Dec. 8. 1812, at Hall's Place, Kent, aged twenty-four. "His mind," says a writer in the Gent. Mag., "was comprehensive and perspicuous; his affections warm and sincere. Through extreme aversion to hypocrisy, he was so far from assuming the false appearances of virtue, that much of his real excellence was unseen, whilst he was eager to acknowledge every fault into which he was led. He was an ardent friend, a stranger to feelings of enmity; he lived in good faith towards men, and died with hope in God." — E.

(2) The "factious strife" here recorded, was accidentally brought on by the breaking up of school, and the dismissal of some volunteers from drill, both happening at the same hour. On this occasion, it appears, the butt-end of a musket was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled him to the ground, but for the interposition of Tattersall. — E.

High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand:
An act like this, can simple thanks repay? (1)
Or all the labours of a grateful lay?
Oh no! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS! (2) on me thy claims are justly great:
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song. (3)

(1) In the private volume:

"Thus did you save that life I scarcely prize—
A life unworthy such a sacrifice."—E.

(2) John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born June 2. 1792. His father, whom he succeeded Jan. 28. 1802, was for nearly twelve years Lord Chancellor of Ireland. See *ante*, p. 135. note. His Lordship is now (1832) Governor of Bombay. "I never," Lord Byron says, in 1821, "hear the word '*Clare*,' without a beating of the heart even *now*; and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5, ad infinitum." Of the tenaciousness with which he clung to all the kindly impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the interesting fact, that after his death almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites had ever addressed to him were found preserved carefully among his papers. The following is the endorsement upon one of them:—"This and another letter were written at Harrow, by my *then* and, I hope, *ever* beloved friend, Lord Clare, when we were both school-boys; and sent to my study in consequence of some *childish* misunderstanding,—the only one which ever arose between us. It was of short duration, and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that we may smile over the recollection of the insignificance of our first and last quarrel."—E.

(3) In the private volume, the following lines conclude this character:—

Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit:
Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
Lycus! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope from genius thus refined!
When time at length matures thy growing years,
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers!
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair Euryalus (1) pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung:

"For ever to possess a friend in thee,
Was bliss unhoped, though not unsought by me.
Thy softer soul was form'd for love alone,
To ruder passions and to hate unknown;
Thy mind, in union with thy beauteous form,
Was gentle, but unfit to stem the storm;
That face, an index of celestial worth,
Proclaim'd a heart abstracted from the earth.
Oft, when depress'd with sad foreboding gloom,
I sat reclined upon our favourite tomb,
I 've seen those sympathetic eyes o'erflow
With kind compassion for thy comrade's woe;
Or when less mournful subjects form'd our themes,
We tried a thousand fond romantic schemes,
Oft hast thou sworn, in friendship's soothing tone,
Whatever wish was mine must be thine own."

(1) George-John, fifth Earl Delawarr, born Oct. 26. 1791; succeeded his father, John-Richard, July 28. 1795. This ancient family have been barons by the male line from 1342; their ancestor, Sir Thomas West, having been summoned to parliament as Lord West, the 16th Edw. II. We find the following notices in some hitherto unpublished letters of Lord Byron:—

"Harrow, Oct. 25. 1804.—I am happy enough and comfortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select. Among the principal, I rank Lord Delawarr, who is very amiable, and my particular friend." "Nov. 2. 1804.—Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe. To all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably

hough one sad dissension bade us part,
ame is yet embalm'd within my heart;
the mention does that heart rebound,
alpitate, responsive to the sound.
lissolved our ties, and not our will:
ce were friends, — I'll think we are so still.(1)
ı unmatch'd in nature's partial mould,
't untainted, we in thee behold:
t the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
ek for glory in the tented field;
ıds of ruder texture these be given —
ıul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
at thy tongue could never forge deceit:
ıurtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
ıw of compliment, the slippery wile,
make that breast with indignation burn,
l the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
ıtic happiness will stamp thy fate;
to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
orld admire thee, and thy friends adore; —
ion's slave alone would toil for more.

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1. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected; for one of hers, in Charles the First's time, married into their family." — E.

impossible to peruse the following extract of a letter addressed to e in February, 1807, without acknowledging the noble candour ientiousness of the writer. — "You will be astonished to hear I ly written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far , without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business,) the ny behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow, which ecollect was rather *en cavalier*. Since that period I have dis- e was treated with injustice, both by those who misrepresented ct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have, there- e all the reparation in my power, by apologising for my mistake, ith very faint hopes of success. However, I have eased my own e by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my ı; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having,

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON (1) stand;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run;
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
As speakers (2) each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell, (3)
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined,

even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury." — E.

(1) Edward Noel Long, Esq. — to whom a subsequent poem is addressed. See p. 167.

(2) This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

(3) Thus in the private volume —
"Yet in the retrospection finds relief,
And revels in the luxury of grief." — E.

n PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song, (1)
laced me higher in the studious throng;
hen my first harangue received applause, (2)
sage instruction the primeval cause,
it gratitude to him my soul possest,
le hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!
all my humble fame, to him alone
praise is due, who made that fame my own. (3)

" I remember," says Byron, " that my first declamation astonished rury into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden iments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal." — *Diary.*

" I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, elivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day ed, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as in the earlier part delivery did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was lure; — he came round to the close of his composition without dis- ng any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, ie had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alter- and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am con- l, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he urried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his id expressed."—Dr. DRURY.

In the private volume the poem concludes thus: —

" When, yet a novice in the mimic art,
I feign'd the transports of a vengeful heart —
When as the Royal Slave I trod the stage,
To vent in Zanga more than mortal rage —
The praise of Probus made me feel more proud
Than all the plaudits of the list'ning crowd.
" Ah! vain endeavour in this childish strain
To soothe the woes of which I thus complain!
What can avail this fruitless loss of time,
To measure sorrow in a jingling rhyme!
No social solace from a friend is near,
And heartless strangers drop no feeling tear.
I seek not joy in woman's sparkling eye:
The smiles of beauty cannot check the sigh.
Adieu, thou world! thy pleasure's still a dream,
Thy virtue but a visionary theme;
Thy years of vice on years of folly roll,
Till grinning death assigns the destined goal,

Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give:
The song might perish, but the theme might live.

Where all are hastening to the dread abode,
To meet the judgment of a righteous God;
Mix'd in the concourse of the thoughtless throng,
A mourner midst of mirth, I glide along;
A wretched, isolated, gloomy thing,
Curst by reflection's deep corroding sting;
But not that mental sting which stabs within,
The dark avenger of unpunish'd sin;
The silent shaft which goads the guilty wretch
Extended on a rack's untiring stretch:
Conscience that sting, that shaft to him supplies—
His mind the rack from which he ne'er can rise.
For me, whate'er my folly, or my fear,
One cheerful comfort still is cherish'd here:
No dread internal haunts my hours of rest,
No dreams of injured innocence infest; (1)
Of hope, of peace, of almost all bereft,
Conscience, my last but welcome guest is left.
Slander's empoison'd breath may blast my name,
Envy delights to blight the buds of fame;
Deceit may chill the current of my blood,
And freeze affection's warm impassion'd flood;
Presaging horror darken every sense;—
Even here will conscience be my best defence.
My bosom feeds no 'worm which ne'er can die:' (2)
Not crimes I mourn, but happiness gone by.
Thus crawling on with many a reptile vile,
My heart is bitter, though my cheek may smile:
No more with former bliss my heart is glad;
Hope yields to anguish, and my soul is sad:
From fond regret no future joy can save;
Remembrance slumbers only in the grave."—E.

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(1) "I am not a Joseph," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "nor a Scipio; but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."—E.

(2) "We know enough even of Lord Byron's private history to give our warrant that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy melancholy."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Yet why for him the needless verse essay?
His honour'd name requires no vain display:
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd. (1)

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy, (2)
To me a silent and a sweet employ,

(1) "To Dr. Drury," observes Moore, "Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master." The above is not, however, the only one. In a note to the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, he says, "My preceptor was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late — when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration — of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor." We extract the following from some unpublished letters of Lord Byron: —

"Harrow, Nov. 2. 1804. There is so much of the gentleman, so much mildness and nothing of pedantry in his character, that I cannot help liking him, and will remember his instructions with gratitude as long as I live. He is the best master we ever had, and at the same time respected and feared." "Nov. 11. 1804. I revere Dr. Drury. He is never violent, never outrageous. I dread offending him; — not, however, through fear; but the respect I bear him makes me unhappy when I am under his displeasure." — E.

(2) In a note to the fourth canto of Childe Harold, Lord Byron says: — 'No one could, or can be more attached to Harrow than I have always

While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;—
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth;
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where Youth her garland twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;

been, and with reason; — a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life." — E.

Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu;
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the morn;
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of truth,
And Love, without his pinion (1), smiled on youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT." (2)

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot —
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
The hero (3) rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

(1) "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," is a French proverb. [See a subsequent poem, under this title. — E.]

(2) Written by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c.

(3) No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, &c. are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same;
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye,
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length an useless fane;

To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806.

TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee;
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green
When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [Now first published.

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis done! — I saw it in my dreams:
No more with Hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast;
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu! —
Would I could add Remembrance too!

1806. [Now first published.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind;—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind:
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth;
When infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.(1)

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.
Could I soar with the phœnix on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

(1) The true reason of the haughty distance at which Byron, both at this period and afterwards, stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found (says Moore) "in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel his own inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself superior." Mr. Becher frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and one of his friendly remonstrances drew forth these lines, so remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst with which Lord Byron's volcanic genius was ere long to open upon the world. — E.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave!
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?
Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules?
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
Why search for delight in the friendship of fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love;
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth? it may pass in an hour,
If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown.
To me what is title?—the phantom of power;
To me what is fashion?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;
I still am unpractised to varnish the truth:
Then why should I live in a hateful control?
Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?

1806.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN. (1)

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!" Past is the race of heroes! But their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused

(1) It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the

feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads.

Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Connal calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam,

r steer the barks of the north, so rise the
of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin.
in of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He
his shield; his sons throng around; the
pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy.
stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear.
ıgle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dread-
:he clang of death! many are the widows of
n! Morven prevails in its strength.
'n glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen;
e sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin.
reeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do
'ake. The hawks scream above their prey.
ose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a
Bright as the gold of the stranger, they
ɜ with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis
r: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is
tream of blood. Fierce is the look of the
y Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still
e. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is
ɜd in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives,
h low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of
: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes.
ır may yet bound on the hills of Morven."
'ever more shall Calmar chase the deer of
ɜn with Orla," said the hero. "What were
ıase to me alone? Who would share the spoils
ttle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough
hy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of
It glared on others in lightning: to me a
beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed
; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure

from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven: — the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm." (1)

(1) I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults — particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. — The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES. (1)

[WRITTEN DECEMBER, 1806.]

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat, —
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;
Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone —
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;

(1) See *ante*, p. 149. note. We insert this poem here on account of the date of its composition. It was not, however, included in the publication of 1807. — E.

Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth! (1) thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still,
Each flower a double fragrance flings;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus! (2) wherefore dost thou weep?
Thy falling tears restrain;

(1) Harrow. (2) The Earl of Clare.—E.

Affection for a time may sleep,
But, oh, 'twill wake again. (1)
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
From this my hope of rapture springs;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone deceived,
Did I my error mourn?
No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
I left the wretch to scorn.
I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
Twined with my heart's according strings;
And till those vital chords shall break,
For none but these my breast shall wake
Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfetter'd in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,

1) The young poet had recently received from Lord Clare, an epistle ıtaining this passage:—"I think by your last letter that you are very ıch piqued with most of your friends; and, if I am not much mistaken, ittle so with me. In one part you say, 'there is little or no doubt a few ırs, or months, will render us as politely indifferent to each other, as if had never passed a portion of our time together:' indeed, Byron, you ong me; and I have no doubt—at least I hope—you wrong yourself." E.

Let Adulation wait on kings;
With joy elate, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward—
To me no bays belong;
If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

THE PRAYER OF NATURE. (1)

[WRITTEN DECEMBER 29. 1806.]

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

(1) It is difficult to conjecture for what reason,—but these stanzas were not included in the publication of 1807; though few will hesitate to place them higher than any thing given in that volume. Written when the author was not nineteen years of age, this remarkable poem shows," says Moore, "how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind." In reading the celebrated critique of the Edinburgh Review on the "Hours of Idleness," the fact that the volume did not include this Prayer of Nature ought to be kept in mind.—E.

Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.(1)

Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

(1) The poet appears to have had in his mind one of Mr. Southey's juvenile pieces, beginning, —

"Go, thou, unto the house of prayer,
I to the woodlands will repair." — E.

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,

ow shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

ut, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
hile life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

o Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
nd hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ. (1)

" Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."—Hor.

Dear Long, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,

This young gentleman, who was with Lord Byron both at Harrow ambridge, afterwards entered the Guards, and served with distinction expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned early in 1809, when on ay to join the army in the Peninsula; the transport in which he sailed run foul of in the night by another of the convoy. "Long's father," ord Byron, "wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised—but not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, ke him the more regretted." *Diary*, 1821.—E.

Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
Our raptured visions as before,
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion—
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;

Oh! may my bosom never learn
To soothe its wonted heedless flow;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same.
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame.
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er:
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more.
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
Attuned to love her languid lyre;
But now, without a theme to choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire.
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
Can now no more my love recall:

In truth, dear LONG, 'twas time to flee;
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer!*
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend

're the dear-loved peaceful seat
:h once contain'd our youth's retreat; (1)
then with those our childhood knew,
l mingle in the festive crew;
e many a tale of former day
wing the laughing hours away;
all the flow of souls shall pour
sacred intellectual shower,
cease till Luna's waning horn
:e glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY. (2)

ad my fate been join'd with thine,
nce this pledge appear'd a token,
'ollies had not then been mine,
hen my peace had not been broken. (3)

: these early faults I owe,
ıee, the wise and old reproving:
now my sins, but do not know
s thine to break the bonds of loving.

:e my soul, like thine, was pure,
all its rising fires could smother;

) friends were both passionately attached to Harrow; and
ıde excursions thither together, to revive their school-boy
—E.

ısters.

nion would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed
—it would have joined lands broad and rich—it would have
one heart, and two persons not ill matched in years (she is
r elder), and—and—and—*what* has been the result?"—

But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;(1)

(1) "Our meetings," says Lord Byron in 1822, "were stolen ones, and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the

And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys;
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour,—
And fiends might pity what I feel,—
To know that thou art lost for ever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon (1) pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!

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ce of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and ghed at me as a boy; she, however, gave me her picture, and that was ıething to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole our of my life would have been different." — E.

1) Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or glish.

I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me:
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart—is lonely still. (1)

(1) The "imagination all compact," which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination resembles that of a child, whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass to which a sun-beam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vulgar and worthless. Such is the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
My hope, my comforter, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men —
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.

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his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorceror, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and astonishment at the hallucination under which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession, which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination. These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us by the poetry of Lord Byron,— by the sentiments of weariness of life and enmity with the world which they so frequently express,— and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with well-known incidents of his life. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest. (1)

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow! (2)
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below, (3)

Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary (4), 'twas centred in you?

(1) "And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

(2) Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

(3) This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

(4) In Lord Byron's Diary for 1813, he says, "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour;

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's (1) rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:

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and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day; 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr. Cockburn.' [Robert Cockburn, Esq. of Edinburgh.] And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions — to the horror of my mother, and the astonishment of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old), which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it."— Again, in January, 1815, a few days after his marriage, in a letter to his friend Captain Hay, the poet thus speaks of his childish attachment: —"Pray tell me more — or as much as you like, of your cousin Mary. I believe I told you our story some years ago. I was twenty-seven a few days ago, and I have never seen her since we were children, and young children too; but I never forget her, nor ever can. You will oblige me with presenting her with my best respects, and all good wishes. It may seem ridiculous — but it is at any rate, I hope, not offensive to her nor hers — in me to pretend to recollect anything about her, at so early a period of both our lives, almost, if not quite, in our nurseries; — but it was a pleasant dream, which she must pardon me for remembering. Is she pretty still? I have the most perfect idea of her person, as a child; but Time, I suppose, has played the devil with us both."— E.

(1) The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before:
Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;(1)
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow:(2)

(1) Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

(2) In the spring of 1807, on recovering from a severe illness, Lord Byron had projected a visit to Scotland. The plan was not put into execution;

But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? — ah, no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred!
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other;
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;
The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;
The attachment of years in a moment expires:
Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

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but he thus adverts to it, in a letter dated in August, and addressed to his fair correspondent of Southwell—"On Sunday I set off for the Highlands. A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a tandem through the western parts to Inverary, where we shall purchase shelties, to enable us to view places inaccessible to vehicular conveyances. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides, and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only three hundred miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at Hecla. I mean to collect all the Erse traditions, poems, &c. &c., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring, under the denomination of '*The Highland Harp*,' or some title equally *picturesque*. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? They would be written at least with *fire*."—E.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow:
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace:
When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you—
The few whom I love I can never upbraid—
The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection!
The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

or the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever;
For time and regret will restore you at last:
o forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

" Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago." VAL. FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
Like striplings, mutually beloved,
With friendship's purest glow,
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you:
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main!

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before:
Now swift or slow, now black or clear
Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels:
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in fashion's annals;

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of reason;
For sense and reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
That he, who sang before all,—

He who the lore of love expanded.—
By dire reviewers should be branded
As void of wit and moral.(1)

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favourite of the Nine!
Repine not at thy lot.
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When Persecution's arm is dead,
And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next
By critic sarcasm to be vext,
I really will not fight them.(2)

Perhaps they would do quite as well
To break the rudely sounding shell
Of such a young beginner.
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty may become, I ween,
A very harden'd sinner.

1) These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique, in a northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon. [See Edinburgh Review, July, 1807, article on "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems, by Thomas Little, Esq." — E.]

2) A bard (horresco referens) defied his reviewer to mortal combat. If such example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx: for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

Now, Clare, I must return to you;
And, sure, apologies are due:
Accept, then, my concession.
In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
I soar along from left to right;
My muse admires digression.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state;—
May regal smiles attend you!
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you!
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure, unerring way!
May no delights decoy!
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
And virtues crown your brow;

Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,—
Be still as you are now. (1)

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
To me were doubly dear;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd wave at once a *poet*'s fame,
To prove a *prophet* here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW. (2)

SPOT of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;

(1) "Of all I have ever known, Clare has always been the least altered in every thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance."—*Diary*, 1821.

(2) On losing his natural daughter, Allegra, in April, 1822, Lord Byron sent her remains to be buried at Harrow, "where," he says, in a letter to Mr. Murray, "I once hoped to have laid my own." "There is," he adds, "a spot in the *church-yard*, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the *church*;"—and it was so accordingly.—E.

With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine:
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!"
When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying hour,—
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet to die—
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2. 1807.

[*The "Lines written beneath an Elm at Harrow," were the last in the little volume printed at Newark in* 1807. *The reader is referred to Mr. Moore's* Notices, *for various interesting particulars respecting the impression produced on Lord Byron's mind by the celebrated Critique of his juvenile performances, put forth in the Edinburgh Review,— a journal which, at that time, possessed nearly undivided influence and authority. The poet's diaries and letters afford evidence that, in his latter days, he considered this piece as the work of Mr.* (*now Lord*) *Brougham; but on what grounds he had come to that conclusion he nowhere mentions. It forms, however, from whatever pen it may have proceeded, so important a link in Lord Byron's literary history, that we insert it at length.*— E.]

ARTICLE FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, FOR JANUARY, 1808.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200. *Newark,* 1807.

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the titlepage, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style.* Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point; and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to wave it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors — sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and, while giving

up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet, — nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers, — is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it: —

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he 'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Now, we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious. Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas "On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow."

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, "*On a Tear*," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following: —

"Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

"The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave, which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, "Adrian's Address to his Soul," when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79.* a translation, where *two* words (θελω λεγειν) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81.†, where μεσονυκτιαις ποθ' ὡραις is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was," &c. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) on being "an infant bard,"—("The artless Helicon I boast is youth")—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had

* See p. 24. † See p. 25.

no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," &c. &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalise his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called Granta, we have the following magnificent stanzas: —

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,!
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle:

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas: —

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus: he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this

lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth. (1)

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(1) The *Monthly Reviewers*, in those days the next in circulation to the Edinburgh, gave a much more favourable notice of the "Hours of Idleness." "These compositions (said they) are generally of a plaintive or an amatory cast, with an occasional mixture of satire; and they display both ease and strength — both pathos and fire. It will be expected that marks of juvenility and of haste should be discovered in these productions; and we seriously advise our young bard to fulfil with submissive perseverance the duties of revision and correction. We discern, in Lord Byron, a degree of mental power, and a turn of mental disposition, which render us solicitous that both should be well cultivated and wisely directed, in his career of life. He has received talents, and is accountable for the use of them. We trust that he will render them beneficial to man, and a source of real gratification to himself in declining age. Then may he properly exclaim with the Roman orator, 'Non lubet mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt; neque me vixisse pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem.'" — Lord Byron repaid the Edinburgh Critique with a Satire — and became himself *a Monthly Reviewer*.—E.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

WRITTEN IN 1807–8.

THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.

ADIEU, thou Hill! (1) where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.

(1) Harrow.

Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell —
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view:
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy Hall (1)
Forgets its wonted simple note —
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! (2) along whose rippling surge,
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

(1) See *ante*, pp. 15. 118.

(2) The river Grete, at Southwell. — E.

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary (1), all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend (2)! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit,
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame,
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,

(1) Mary Duff. See *ante*, p. 176. note.

(2) Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister. See *ante*, pp. 99, 100.

Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race, —
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in Glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd.
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.

To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [Now first published.]

TO A VAIN LADY.

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears?
Why thus destroy thine own repose
And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envious foes will smile,

For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,
If thou believ'st what striplings say:
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
The words man utters to deceive?
Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou can'st venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,
Can'st thou not mark the rising sneers
Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
Nor make thyself the public gaze:
What modest maid without a blush
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
Her who relates each fond conceit —
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes,
Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
These amorous nothings in revealing,
Must credit all we say or write,
While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
No jealousy bids me reprove:
One, who is thus from nature vain,
I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15. 1807. [Now first published.]

TO ANNE.

Oh, Anne! your offences to me have been grievous;
I thought from my wrath no atonement could save you;
But woman is made to command and deceive us —
I look'd in your face, and I almost forgave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment respect you,
Yet thought that a day's separation was long:
When we met, I determin'd again to suspect you —
Your smile soon convinced me suspicion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indignation,
With fervent contempt evermore to disdain you:
I saw you — my anger became admiration;
And now, all my wish, all my hope, 's to regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the contention!
Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before you; —
At once to conclude such a fruitless dissension,
Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease to adore you!

January 16. 1807. [Now first published.]

TO THE SAME.

Oh say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed
The heart which adores you should wish to dissever;
Such Fates were to me most unkind ones indeed,—
To bear me from love and from beauty for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates which alone
Could bid me from fond admiration refrain;
By these, every hope, every wish were o'erthrown,
Till smiles should restore me to rapture again.

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,
The rage of the tempest united must weather,
My love and my life were by nature design'd
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have decreed,
Your lover should bid you a lasting adieu;
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall bleed
His soul, his existence, are centred in you.

1807. [Now first published.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGINNING, "'SAD IS MY VERSE,' YOU SAY, 'AND YET NO TEAR.'"

Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:
A devilish deal more sad than witty!
Why we should weep I can't find out,
Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;
And much, alas! I think he needs it:
For he, I 'm sure, will suffer sore,
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,
May *once* be read — but never after:
Yet their effect 's by no means tragic,
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,
And of no common pang complain —
If you would make us weep indeed,
Tell us, you 'll read them o'er again.

March 8. 1807. [Now first published.]

ON FINDING A FAN.

In one who felt as once he felt,
This might, perhaps, have fann'd the flame;
But now his heart no more will melt,
Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their blaze in night,

Thus has it been with passion's fires —
As many a boy and girl remembers —

While every hope of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though not a spark survive,
Some careful hand may teach to burn;
The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;
No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)
Its former warmth around another.

1807. [Now first published.]

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part;
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;

No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
My visions are flown, to return, — alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
Ah, surely affection enobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast —
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—
The present — which seals our eternal Adieu.

1807. [Now first published.]

TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD. (1)

YOUNG Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;

(1) Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, "Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place."—"I hope not, sir," replied the man; "for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already enquired after, by strangers, as "THE BYRON OAK," and promises to share, in after times, the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow. — E.

Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal:
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though *I* shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [Now first published.]

ON REVISITING HARROW. (1)

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced;
Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

(1) Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

Thus might the Record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever!

September, 1807.

EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more — so was *carried* at last;
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off, — so he's now *carri-on.*

September, 1807.

TO MY SON. (1)

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

(1) Neither the recorded conversations of Lord Byron, nor his letters or diaries, furnish any trace of evidence that such a son ever existed. — E.

And thou canst lisp a father's name —
Ah, William, were thine own the same, —
No self-reproach — but, let me cease —
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy, —
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no — though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy —
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental fire;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen's form revives in thee,

The breast, which beat to former joy,
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word — Farewell! — Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

1806.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well: —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

1808.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND. (1)

Few years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.

1) This copy of verses, and that which follows, originally appeared in a volume published, in 1809, by Mr. (now Sir John) Hobhouse, under the

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy:
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

---

title of "Imitations and Translations, together with Original Poems," and bearing the modest epigraph—"*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*"—E.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool;
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend;
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man:
Can we then 'scape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No; for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,

(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share!

In time forbear; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but—mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL. (1)

START not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee;
I died: let earth my bones resign:
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

(1) Lord Byron gives the following account of this cup: — "The gardener, in digging, discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey, about the time it was demonasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell." It is now in the possession of Colonel Wildman, the proprietor of Newstead Abbey. In several of our elder dramatists, mention is made of the custom of quaffing wine out of similar cups. For example, in Dekker's "Wonder of a Kingdom," Torrenti says, —

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads,
Their skulls set all in silver; to drink healths
To his confusion who first invented war." — E.

'Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS,

A SATIRE.

" I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

SHAKSPEARE.

" Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."

POPE.

[The first edition of this satire, which then began with what is now the ninety-seventh line (" *Time was, ere yet,*" &c.), appeared in March, 1809. A second, to which the author prefixed his name, followed in October of that year; and a third and fourth were called for during his first *pilgrimage*, in 1810 and 1811. On his return to England, a fifth edition was prepared for the press by himself, with considerable care, but suppressed, and, except one copy, destroyed, when on the eve of publication. The text is now printed from the copy that escaped; on casually meeting with which, in 1816, he re-perused the whole, and wrote on the margin some annotations, which also we shall preserve, — distinguishing them, by the insertion of their date, from those affixed to the prior editions.

The first of these MS. notes of 1816 appears on the fly-leaf, and runs thus: —" The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for the contents; and nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another, prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames." — E.]

PREFACE. (1)

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

(1) This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it. The noble author had left this country previous to the publication of that edition, and is not yet returned. — *Note to the fourth edition*, 1811. — ["He is, and gone again."—B. 1816.]

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine (1), who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With (2) regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of

(1) Mr. Hobhouse. See *post*, p. 246.

(2) Here the preface to the first edition commenced. — E.

absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming. —As to the Edinburgh Reviewers (1), it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied. (2)

(1) "I well recollect," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "the effect which the critique of the Edinburgh Reviewers, on my first poem, had upon me — it was rage and resistance, and redress; but not despondency nor despair. A savage review is hemlock to a sucking author, and the one on me (which produced the English Bards, &c.) knocked me down — but I got up again. That critique was a master-piece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash, about people being 'thankful for what they could get,' — 'not looking a gift horse in the mouth,' and such stable expressions. But so far from their bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me." — E.

(2) "The severity of the criticism," as Sir Egerton Brydges has well observed, "touched Lord Byron in the point where his original strength lay: it wounded his pride, and roused his bitter indignation. He published 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and bowed down those who had hitherto held a despotic victory over the public mind. There was, after all, more in the boldness of the enterprise, in the fearlessness of the attack, than in its intrinsic force. But the moral effect of the gallantry of the assault, and of the justice of the cause, made it victorious and triumphant. This was one of those lucky developements which cannot often occur; and which fixed Lord Byron's fame. From that day he engaged the public notice as a writer of undoubted talent and energy both of intellect and temper." — E.

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear? (1)—shall hoarse Fitzgerald (2) bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall, (3)

(1) IMIT. — "Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?" — *Juv.* Sat. I.

(2) ["*Hoarse Fitzgerald.*" — "Right enough; but why notice such a mountebank." — B. 1816.]

(3) Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund: not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation. — [For the long period of thirty-two years, this harmless poetaster was an attendant at the anniversary dinners of the Literary Fund, and constantly honoured the occasion with an ode, which he himself recited with most comical dignity of emphasis. He was fortunate in having for his patron the late Viscount Dudley and Ward, on whose death, without a will, his benevolent intentions towards the bard were fulfilled by the present Earl Dudley, who generously sent him a draft for 500*l.* Fitzgerald died in 1829. Of his numerous loyal effusions *only a single line* has survived its author; but the characteristics of his style have been so happily hit off in the "REJECTED ADDRESSES"—(a work which Lord Byron has pronounced to be "by far the best thing of the kind since the Rolliad;") — that we cannot resist the temptation of an extract: —

"Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain,
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)

And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme — I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift — my gray goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,

With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry-goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern-loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch? —
Why he, who forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke —
'*The tree of freedom is the British Oak.*'
Bless every man possess'd of aught to give!
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live!
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet!
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte!
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff!
God bless their pig-tails, though they 're now cut off!
And oh! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!" — E.]

Our task complete, like Hamet's (1) shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream (2)
Inspires — our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus! — ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!

(1) Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

(2) ["This must have been written in the spirit of prophecy."—B. 1816.]

I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed — older children do the same.
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.(1)
No matter, George continues still to write,(2)
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure — critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;

(1) This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

(2) In the Edinburgh Review. — ["He's a very good fellow; and, except his mother and sister, the best of the set, to my mind." — B. 1816.]

Care not for feeling — pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no — as soon
Seek roses in December — ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that 's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head. (1)
To these young tyrants (2), by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as law —
While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
While such are critics, why should I forbear?
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me (3), why I venture o'er
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;

(1) Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and omega, the first and last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter.

["This was not just. Neither the heart nor the head of these gentlemen are at all what they are here represented. At the time this was written, I was personally unacquainted with either." — B. 1816. — E.]

(2) Imit. "Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
——occurras perituræ parcere chartæ." — *Juv.* Sat. I.

(3) Imit. "Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam." — *Juv.* Sat. I.

If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
"But hold!" exclaims a friend,—"here 's some neglect:
This—that—and t' other line seem incorrect."
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has not:"—
Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days (1)
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;

(1) [The first edition of the Satire opened with this line; and Lord Byron's original intention was to prefix the following—

"ARGUMENT.

"The poet considereth times past, and their poesy—makes a sudden transition to times present—is incensed against book-makers—reviletb Walter Scott for cupidity and ballad-mongering, with notable remarks on Master Southey—complaineth that Master Southey hath inflicted three poems, epic and otherwise, on the public—inveigheth against William Wordsworth, but laudeth Mister Coleridge and his elegy on a young ass—is disposed to vituperate Mr. Lewis—and greatly rebuketh Thomas Little (the late) and the Lord Strangford—recommendeth Mr. Hayley to turn his attention to prose—and exhorteth the Moravians to glorify Mr. Grahame—sympathiseth with the Reverend ——— Bowles—and deploreth the melancholy fate of James Montgomery—breaketh out into invective against the Edinburgh Reviewers—calleth them hard names, harpies and the like—apostrophiseth Jeffrey, and prophesieth.—Episode of Jeffrey and Moore, their jeopardy and deliverance; portents on the morn of the combat; the Tweed, Tolbooth, Frith of Forth, severally shocked; descent of a goddess to save Jeffrey; incorporation of the bullets with his sinciput and occiput.—Edinburgh Reviews *en masse*.—Lord Aberdeen, Herbert, Scott, Hallam, Pillans, Lambe, Sydney Smith, Brougham, &c.—The Lord Holland applauded for dinners and translations.—The Drama; Skeffington, Hook, Reynolds, Kenney, Cherry, &c.—Sheridan, Colman, and Cumberland called upon to write.—Return to poesy—scribblers of all sorts—lords sometimes rhyme; much better not—Hafiz, Rosa Matilda, and X. Y. Z.—

From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's (1) pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt —
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are past.
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age;
This truth at least let satire's self allow,
No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now: (2)
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones;

Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, &c. true poets — Translators of the Greek Anthology — Crabbe — Darwin's style — Cambridge — Seatonian Prize — Smythe — Hodgson — Oxford — Richards — Poeta loquitur — Conclusion."]

(1) [When Lord Byron, in the autumn of 1808, was occupied upon this Satire, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to a deep study of the writings of Pope; and from that period may be dated his enthusiastic admiration of this great poet. — E.]

(2) "One of my notions is, that the present is not a high age of English poetry. There are *more* poets (soi-disant) than ever there were, and proportionably *less* poetry. This thesis I have maintained for some years; but, strange to say, it meeteth not with favour from my brethren of the shell." — *Diary*, 1821.

While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
Thus saith the preacher: "Nought beneath the sun
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts — and all is air!
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own; (1)
Some leaden calf — but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott. (2)

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:

(1) ["With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced that we are all upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way: — I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly." — *Diary*, 1817.]

(2) Stott, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus: — (*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.*) —

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza," &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows: —

Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dulness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels (1)—may they be the last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.
While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;

" Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

Lord have mercy on us! the " Lay of the Last Minstrel " was nothing to this.

(1) See the " Lay of the Last Minstrel," *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes' tragedy unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, " a stark moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, " 'twas his neck-verse at Harribee," i. e. the gallows. — The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! (1) by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.

(1) ["When Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true, than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. I was, however, so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the Edinburgh, that I remonstrated against it with the editor, because I thought the "Hours of Idleness" treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others, than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained passages of noble promise." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre (1), not for fame:

(1) Lord Byron, as is well known, set out with the determination never to receive money for his writings. For the liberty to republish this satire, he refused four hundred guineas; and the money paid for the copyright of the first and second cantos of Childe Harold, and of the Corsair, he presented to Mr. Dallas. In 1816, to a letter enclosing a draft of 1000 guineas, offered by Mr. Murray for the Siege of Corinth and Parisina, the noble poet sent this answer: — "Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and much more than the two poems can possibly be worth — but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them, as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. I have enclosed your draft torn, for fear of accidents by the way. I wish you would not throw temptation in mine; it is not from a disdain of the universal idol — nor from a present superfluity of his treasures — I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances." The poet was afterwards induced, at Mr. Murray's earnest persuasion, to accept the thousand guineas. The subjoined statement of the sums paid by him at various times to Lord Byron for copyright may be considered a bibliopolic curiosity: —

Childe Harold, I. II.	£ 600
——— III.	1575
——— IV.	2100
Giaour	525
Bride of Abydos	525
Corsair	525
Lara	700
Siege of Corinth	525
Parisina	525
Lament of Tasso	315
Manfred	315
Beppo	525
Don Juan, I. II.	1525
——— III. IV. V.	1525
Doge of Venice	1050
Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1100
Mazeppa	525
Prisoner of Chillon	525
Sundries	450
Hours of Idleness, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, Werner, Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, &c.	3,885
Life by Thomas Moore	4,200
	£23,540

Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion." (1)

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years. (2)
Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.

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(1) "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

(2) As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "Paradise Lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata," as their standard efforts; since neither the "Jerusalem Conquered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

Not so with us, though minor bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on, (1)
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son; (2)
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign — the rival of Tom Thumb!
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.

(1) "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "Joan of Arc," was marvellous enough, but "Thalaba," was one of those poems "which," in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but — *not till then.*"

(2) ["Of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song." — MADOC. — E.]

Oh, Southey! Southey! (1) cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil, (2)
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," Southey (3), and thy readers too. (4)

(1) We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degrading title of epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask — has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

(2) See "The Old Woman of Berkley," a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

(3) The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactylics. — [Lord Byron here alludes to Mr. Gifford's parody on Mr. Southey's Dactylics, which ends thus: —

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities —
Dactylics, call'st thou 'em? — 'God help thee, silly one.'" — E.]

(4) ["Lord Byron on being introduced to Mr. Southey in 1813, at Holland House, describes him, "as the best-looking bard he had seen for a long time." — "To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would," he says, "almost have written his Sapphics. He is certainly a prepossessing person to look on, and a man of talent, and all that, and there is his eulogy." In his Journal, of the same year, he says — "Southey I have not seen much of. His appearance is *epic*, and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation — posterity will probably select. He has passages equal to any thing. At present, he has a *party*, but no public — except for his prose writings. His Life of Nelson is

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May, (1)
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;" (2)
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy;"
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day; (3)
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,

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beautiful." Elsewhere, and later, Lord B. pronounces Southey's Don Roderick, "the first poem of our time." — E.]

(1) ["*Unjust.*" — B. 1816.]

(2) Lyrical Ballads, p. 4. — "The Tables Turned." Stanza 1.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

(3) Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable: —

"And thus to Betty's questions he
Made answer, like a traveller bold.
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold," &c. &c., p. 129.

That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse, (1)
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays,(2) the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.(3)

Oh! wonder-working Lewis (4)! monk, or bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard!

(1) Coleridge's Poems, p. 11., Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire fairies; p. 42. we have, "Lines to a young Lady:" and, p. 52., "Lines to a young Ass."

(2) Thus altered by Lord Byron, in his last revision of the satire. In all former editions the line stood,

"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind." — E.

(3) ["*Unjust*," B. 1816. — In a letter to Mr. Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron says, — "You mention my 'Satire,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since: more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends; which is 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."— E.]

(4) [Matthew Gregory Lewis, M. P. for Hindon, never distinguished himself in Parliament, but, mainly in consequence of the clever use he made of his knowledge of the German language, then a rare accomplishment,

Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou takest thy stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age;
All hail, M. P.! (1) from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;

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attracted much notice in the literary world, at a very early period of his life. His Tales of Terror; the drama of the Castle Spectre; and the romance called the Bravo of Venice (which is, however, little more than a version from the Swiss Zschocke); but above all, the libidinous and impious novel of The Monk, invested the name of Lewis with an extraordinary degree of celebrity, during the poor period which intervened between the obscuration of Cowper, and the full display of Sir Walter Scott's talents in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"—a period which is sufficiently characterised by the fact, that Hayley then passed for a Poet. Next to that solemn coxcomb, Lewis was for several years the fashionable versifier of his time; but his plagiarisms, perhaps more audacious than had ever before been resorted to by a man of real talents, were by degrees unveiled, and writers of greater original genius, as well as of purer taste and morals, successively emerging, *Monk Lewis*, dying young, had already outlived his reputation. In society he was to the last a favourite; and Lord Byron, who had become well acquainted with him during his experience of London life, thus notices his death, which occurred at sea in 1818:—"Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was the jewel of a man, had he been better set;—I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory to every thing and every body. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica:—

"I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again!"

That is,—

"I would give many a sugar cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again!"—E.]

(1) "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in 'The Statesman,' supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what-not,
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd?
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, (1) the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue, (2)
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,

(1) In very early life, "Little's Poems" were Lord Byron's favourite study. "Heigho!" he exclaims in 1820, in a letter to Moore, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or sung, has been owing to that confounded book of yours." — E.

(2) The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to

Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoëns (1) in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts! one moment spare the text—
Hayley's last work, and worst — until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may swear
That luckless music never triumph'd there. (2)

"Strangford's Camoëns," p. 127. note to p. 56., or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoëns.

(1) It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

(2) Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are "Triumphs of Temper," and "The Triumph of Music." He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet. — [The only performance for which Hayley is now remembered is his Life of Cowper. His personal history has been sketched by Mr. Southey in the Quarterly Review, vol. xxxi. p. 263. — E.]

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion — Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame, (1) pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings (2)
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, still whimpering through threescore of years,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.

(1) Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."— ['This very amiable man, and pleasing poet, published subsequently "The Birds of Scotland," and other pieces; but his reputation rests on his "Sabbath." He began life as an advocate at the Edinburgh bar; but he had little success there, and being of a melancholy and very devout temperament, entered into holy orders, and retired to a curacy near Durham, where he died in 1811.—E.]

(2) [Immediately before this line, we find, in the original manuscript, the following, which Lord Byron good-naturedly consented to omit, at the request of Mr. Dallas, who was, no doubt, a friend of the scribbler they refer to:—

"In verse most stale, unprofitable, flat—
Come, let us change the scene, and '*gleans*' with Pratt;
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold:
Degraded man! again resume thy trade—
The votaries of the Muse are ill repaid,
Though daily puffs once more invite to buy
A new edition of thy 'Sympathy.'"

To which this note was appended:—"Mr. Pratt, once a Bath bookseller, now a London author, has written as much, to as little purpose, as any of his scribbling cotemporaries. Mr. P.'s 'Sympathy' is in rhyme; but his prose productions are the most voluminous." The more popular of these *last* were entitled "Gleanings."— E.]

And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief,
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells, (1)
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain," (2)
Such as none heard before, or will again!

(1) See Bowles's "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."

(2) "Awake a louder," &c., is the first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following: —

"A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon. — ["Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the "woods," but the people in them who trembled — why, Heaven only knows — unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack."— B. 1816.]

Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode; (1)
And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss!—
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell. (2)
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;

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(1) The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

(2) "Although," says Lord Byron, in 1821, "I regret having published 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles, with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of 'English Bards,' and are quite as severe, and much more poetical, than my own, in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles."—[The following are the lines written by Mr. Hobhouse,—

"Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.
Or take the only path that open lies
For modern worthies who would hope to rise:
Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit,
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit;
On each alike employ the critic's knife,
And when a comment fails, prefix a life;
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,
Review forgotten lies, and add your own;
Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,
And print, if luckily deform'd, his shape:
Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last,
Cleave to their present wits, and quit their past;

If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll; (1)
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet (2) did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme; (3)
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead; (4)

Bards once revered no more with favour view,
But give their modern sonneteers their due;
Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of Pope."—E.]

(1) Curll is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

(2) Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke — the "Patriot King,"—which that splendid, but malignant, genius had ordered to be destroyed. — ["Bolingbroke's thirst of vengeance," says Dr. Johnson, "incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations."—E.]

(3) Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester.—
"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!"—*Dunciad.*

(4) See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received three

A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains. (1)

Another epic! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Bœotian Cottle; rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market — all alive!
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five!
Fresh fish from Helicon! (2) who'll buy? who'll buy?
The precious bargain's cheap — in faith, not I.
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat;
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
Oh, Amos Cottle! — Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame! —
Oh, Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?

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hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

(1) Lord Byron's MS. note of 1816 on this passage is, — "Too savage all this on Bowles:" and well might he say so. That venerable person is still living; and in spite of all the criticism to which his injudicious edition of Pope exposed him afterwards, there can be no doubt that Lord B., in his calmer moments, did justice to that exquisite poetical genius which, by their own confession, originally inspired both Wordsworth and Coleridge. — E.

(2) ["Fresh fish from Helicon!" — "Helicon" is a mountain, and not a fish-pond. It should have been "Hippocrene." — B. 1816.]

Oh pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle (1) still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him. (2)

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice (3) all his granite weight of leaves:
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifactions of a plodding brain,
That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

(1) Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of epics. "Alfred," — (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!) — "Alfred," and the "Fall of Cambria:"

(2) Here Lord B. notes in 1816: — "All right. I saw some letters of this fellow (Joseph Cottle) to an unfortunate poetess, whose productions, which the poor woman by no means thought vainly of, he attacked so roughly and bitterly, that I could hardly resist assailing him, even were it unjust, which it is not — for verily he is an ass." — B. 1816. — [The same person has had the honour to be recorded in the Antijacobin, probably by Canning: —

"And Cottle, not he who that Alfred made famous,
But Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos." — E.]

(3) Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like: — it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent. — [The Rev. Thomas Maurice also wrote "Westminster Abbey," and other poems, the "History of Ancient and Modern Hindostan," &c., and his own "Memoirs; comprehending Anecdotes of Literary Characters, during a period of thirty years;" — a very amusing piece of autobiography. He died in 1824, at his apartments in the British Museum; where he had been for some years assistant keeper of MSS. — E.]

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale;
Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep! (1)

Yet say! why should the bard at once resign
His claim to favour from the sacred nine?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl;
A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find — these harpies (2) must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's Seat? (3)

(1) Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded epics."

(2) [In a MS. critique on this satire, by the late Reverend William Crowe, public orator at Oxford, the incongruity of these metaphors is thus noticed: — "Within the space of three or four couplets he transforms a man into as many different animals: allow him but the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose him from a wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him a blood-hound." On seeing Mr. Crowe's remarks, Lord Byron desired Mr. Murray, to substitute, in the copy in his possession, for "*hellish* instinct," "*brutal* instinct," for "*harpies*" "*felons*," and for "*blood-hounds*" "*hell-hounds*." — E.]

(3) Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

Health to immortal Jeffrey! (1) once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat? (2)
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope:
"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

(1) [Mr. Jeffrey, who, after the first Number or two, succeeded the Rev. Sydney Smith in the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, retired from his critical post some little time before he was appointed Lord Advocate for Scotland, which high office he now (1832) fills. "I have often, since my return to England," says Lord Byron, (*Diary*, 1814,) "heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who knew him, for things independent of his talents. I admire him for *this* — not because he has praised me, but because he is, perhaps, the only man who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus: none but a great soul dared hazard it — a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter." — E.]

(2) ["Too ferocious — this is mere insanity." — B. 1816.]

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day, (1)
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by? (2)
Oh, day disastrous! On her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career; (3)
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt — for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man —

(1) ["All this is bad, because personal." — B. 1816.]

(2) In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

[The above note was struck out of the fifth edition, and the following, after being submitted to Mr. Moore, substituted in its place. — E.] "I am informed that Mr. Moore published at the time a disavowal of the statements in the newspapers, as far as regarded himself; and, in justice to him, I mention this circumstance. As I never heard of it before, I cannot state the particulars, and was only made acquainted with the fact very lately. — November 4. 1811."]

(3) The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
effrey died, except within her arms: (1)
last, not least, on that portentous morn,
sixteenth story, where himself was born,
patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
l pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
w'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
v'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
s of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
t of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
l all with justice deem'd the two combined
mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
m either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
l straight restored it to her favourite's head;
it head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,
ght it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,
l, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
ments its ore, and is itself a mine.
y son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
ign the pistol, and resume the pen;
r politics and poesy preside,
st of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Scottish taste decides on English wit,

This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal n in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this ion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the r unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the e more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her deli- of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine lses, perhaps a little selfish.

So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen. (1)
Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer (2), and sometimes,
In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.
Smug Sydney (3) too thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam (4), much renown'd for Greek;

(1) His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of "Gell's Topography of Troy."—[George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., F.R.S., and P.S.A. In 1822, his lordship published an "Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture."—E.]

(2) Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:" the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

[The Hon. William Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon. He also published, in 1811, "Helga," a poem in seven cantos.—E.]

(3) The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.—[Now (1832) one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's, &c. &c. "Dyson's Address to his Constituents on the Reform Bill," and many other pieces published anonymously, or pseudonomously, are generally ascribed to this eminently witty person, who has put forth nothing, it is believed, in his own name, except a volume of Sermons.—E.]

(4) Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's "Taste," and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

Note added to second edition.—The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must

Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
And paltry Pillans (1) shall traduce his friend;
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe, (2)
Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.
Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
Beware lest blundering Brougham (3) destroy the sale,
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."

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have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better. — [It cannot be necessary to vindicate the great author of the "Middle Ages" and the "Constitutional History of England" from the insinuations of the juvenile poet. — E.]

(1) Pillans is a tutor at Eton. — [Mr. Pillans became afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and has now been for some years Professor of Humanity in that University. There was not, it is believed, the slightest foundation for the charge in the text. — E.]

(2) The Hon. George Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Miseries," and is moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled, "Whistle for It." — [Mr. Lambe was, in 1818, the successful candidate for the representation of Westminster, in opposition to Mr. Hobhouse; who, however, defeated him in the following year, and has ever since kept the seat. In 1821, Mr. Lambe published a translation of Catullus. He is now (1832) Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, his chief being his brother, Lord Melbourne. — E.]

(3) Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions. — [Here followed, in the first edition, — "The name of this person-

Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist. (1)

Then prosper, Jeffrey! pertest of the train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear. (2)
Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grow
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone;
And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen! (3)

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age is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and s pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables;" but for this, Lord B stituted in the second edition: — "It seems that Mr. Brougham is Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced I from Trent to Tay: — so be it."— E.]

(1) I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known ther such genius to be found from Clackmanan to Caithness; yet, w supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "k are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefo been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hol any thing heavenly.

(2) See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.

(3) [In the tenth canto of Don Juan, Lord Byron pays the fol pretty compliment to his quondam antagonist: —

"And all our little feuds — at least all mine —
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below.)

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot! (1)
Holland, with Henry Petty (2) at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House, (3)
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
Declare his landlord can at least translate! (4)
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food — and feed because they write:
And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,

Are over; here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne;'
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face — but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul." — E.]

(1) ["Bad enough, and on mistaken grounds too." — B. 1816.]

(2) Lord Henry Petty; — now (1832) Marquess of Lansdowne. — E.]

(3) [In 1813, Lord Byron dedicated the Bride of Abydos to Lord Holland; and we find in his Journal (Nov. 17th) this passage: — "I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on the Bride of Abydos, which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think at the time that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded Satire, of which I would suppress even the memory; but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe out of contradiction." — E.]

(4) Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests. — [We are not aware that Lord Holland has subsequently published any verses, except an universally admired version of the 28th canto of the Orlando Furioso, which is given by way of appendix to one of Mr. W. Stewart Rose's volumes. — E.]

And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critique;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole. (1)

Now to the Drama turn — Oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent, (2)
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these;
While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!" and "zounds!"(3)
And common-place and common sense confounds?

(1) Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review. However that may be, we know, from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal — no doubt, for correction.

(2) In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes. — [In the original MS. the note stands thus: — "In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, and Count Evrard in the fortress hides himself in a green-house built expressly for the occasion. 'Tis a pity that Theodore Hook, who is really a man of talent, should confine his genius to such paltry productions as the 'Fortress,' 'Music Mad,' &c. &c."— This extraordinary humorist, who was a mere boy at the date of Lord Byron's satire, has since distinguished himself by works more worthy of his abilities — nine volumes of highly popular novels, entitled "Sayings and Doings"— a world of political *jeux d'esprit*, &c. &c. — E.]

(3) All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct. — [The reader is referred to Mr. Reynolds's Autobiography, published in 1826, for a full account of his voluminous writings for the stage. — E.]

While Kenney's "World"—ah! where is Kenney's (1) wit?—
Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit;
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words? (2)
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage!
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit?—none!
Awake, George Colman! (3) Cumberland, (4) awake!
Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!
Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy assume her throne again;
Abjure the mummery of the German schools;
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.

(1) [Mr. Kenney has since written many successful dramas.—E.]

(2) Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?—[Thomas Sheridan, who united much of the convivial wit of his parent to many amiable qualities, received, after the termination of his theatrical management, the appointment of colonial paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died in September, 1817, leaving a widow, whose novel of "Carwell" has obtained much approbation, and several children; among others, the accomplished authoress of "Rosalie" and other poems, now the Honourable Mrs. Norton.—E.]

(3) [Lord Byron entertained a high opinion of George Colman's convivial powers.—"If I had," he says, "to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, and Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for every thing. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life-guards, but Colman a whole regiment—of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment."—E.]

(4) Richard Cumberland, the well-known author of the "West Indian," the "Observer," and one of the most interesting of autobiographies, died in 1811.—E.

Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to tread? (1)
On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic fame!
In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize. (2)
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs; (3)
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on, (4)
While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;

(1) [In all editions previous to the fifth, it was, "Kemble lives to tread." Lord Byron used to say, that, "of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two; but that Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." Such effect, however, had Kean's acting on his mind, that once, on seeing him play Sir Giles Overreach, he was seized with a sort of convulsive fit." John Kemble died in 1823, — his illustrious sister in 1830. — E.]

(2) [Dibdin's pantomime of Mother Goose had a run of nearly a hundred nights, and brought more than twenty thousand pounds to the treasury of Covent Garden theatre. — E.]

(3) Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury-lane theatre — as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

(4) Mr. [now Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty;" and some comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors:" Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.

But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should we turn
To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
Well may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship Catalani's pantaloons, (1)
Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace. (2)

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays;
While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêsle
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe;

(1) Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers.

(2) [The following twenty lines were struck off one night after Lord Byron's return from the Opera, and sent the next morning to the printer, with a request to have them placed where they now appear. —E.]

Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng!
Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle! (1)
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius (2) of the day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!

(1) To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the institution, and not the duke of that name, which is here alluded to. A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon.* It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested: but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connections, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle, without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.—[Conceiving the foregoing note, together with the lines in the text, to convey a reflection upon his conduct, as manager of the Argyle Institution, Colonel Greville demanded an explanation of Lord Byron. The matter was referred to Mr. Leckie (the author of a work on Sicilian affairs) on the part of Colonel Greville, and to Mr. Moore on the part of Lord Byron; by whom it was amicably settled. — E.]

(2) Petronius "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty

* ["True. It was Billy Way who lost the money. I knew him, and was a subscriber to the Argyle at the time of the event." — B. 1816.]

There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine:
Each to his humour — Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was,
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor;
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfetter'd limb!
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which nature could not spare;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:

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fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's "Old Bachelor" saith of Hannibal.

There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or — done! — a thousand on the coming trick!
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife; (1)
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;
Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall. (2)

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I — least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wrong,

(1) [The original reading was, "a Paget for your wife." — E.]

(2) I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: his faults were the faults of a sailor — as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes. — [Lord Falkland was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell, in 1809. It was not by words only that Lord Byron gave proof of sympathy on the melancholy occasion. Though his own difficulties pressed on him at the time, he contrived to administer relief to the widow and children of his friend. — E.]

Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through passion's countless host, (1)
Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal;
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool, (2) than they?"
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist in me.
No matter — when some bard in virtue strong,
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles, (3)
Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,

(1) ["Yes: and a precious chase they led me."—B. 1816.]

(2) ["*Fool* enough, certainly, then, and no wiser since."—B. 1816.]

(3) What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus,) and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

What harm? In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews (1) still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes? (2)
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle. (3)
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer! (4)

(1) [Miles Peter Andrews, many years M.P. for Bewdley, Colonel of the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, proprietor of a gunpowder manufactory at Dartford, author of numerous prologues, epilogues, and farces, and one of the heroes of the Baviad. He died in 1814. — E.]

(2) [In the original manuscript we find these lines: —

" In these, our times, with daily wonders big,
A lettered peer is like a lettered pig;
Both know their alphabet, but who, from thence
Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense?
Still less that such should woo the graceful nine:
Parnassus was not made for lords and swine." — E.]

(2) [On being told that it was believed he alluded to Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in this line, Lord Byron exclaimed, — " I thank heaven I did not know it; and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on defects or maladies." — E.]

(4) The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage — except his own tragedies.

So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf;
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin (1) on those recreant lines. (2)

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(1) "Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."
Shak. King John.

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

(2) ["Wrong also—the provocation was not sufficient to justify the acerbity."—B. 1816.]—[Lord Byron greatly regretted the sarcasms he had published against his noble relation, under the mistaken impression that Lord Carlisle had intentionally slighted him. In a letter to Mr. Rogers, written in 1814, he asks,—"Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it?" And in the third canto of Childe Harold, he thus adverts to the fate of the Hon. Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son, one of those who fell gloriously at Waterloo:—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine:
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd,
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd piles along,
Even there the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!"

In the following extracts from two unpublished letters, written when Lord B. was at Harrow, may possibly be traced the origin of his conduct towards his guardian,—"Nov. 11. 1804. You mistake me if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him *my mother has an antipathy*—why, I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me; but I dare say he would assist me if he could; so I

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle (1) prove a blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind. (2)
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;

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take the will for the deed, and am obliged to him, exactly in the same manner as if he succeeded in his efforts."—"Nov. 21. 1804. To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than I can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. For the future I shall consider him as more my friend than I have hitherto been *taught* to think."—E.]

(1) "Melville's Mantle," a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.

(2) This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.—["She since married the Morning Post—an exceeding good match; and is now dead'—which is better."—B. 1816.]

Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q. (1)

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall, (2)
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud! (3)
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill-nature — don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft (4) declares 'tis quite sublime.

(1) These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

(2) [Joseph Blackett, the shoemaker. He died at Seaham, in 1810. His poems were afterwards collected by Pratt; and, oddly enough, his principal patroness was Miss Milbank, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron. In a letter written to Dallas, on board the Volage frigate, at sea, in June 1811, he says, — "I see that yours and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance: who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb, — 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'

'But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*.'—

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of her departed Blackett." — E.]

(3) ["This was meant for poor Blackett, who was then patronised by A. J. B." (Lady Byron); "but *that* I did not know, or this would not have been written, at least I think not." — B. 1816.]

(4) Capel Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-

Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
Lo! Burns (1) and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too? (2)
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
And now no boor can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed without an ode.
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.

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general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.—[The poet Bloomfield owed his first celebrity to the notice of Capel Lofft and Thomas Hill, Esquires, who read his "Farmer's Boy," in manuscript, recommended it to a publisher, and by their influence in society and literature, soon drew general attention to its merits. It is distressing to remember that, after all that had been done by the zeal of a few friends, the public sympathy did not rest permanently on the amiable Bloomfield, who died in extreme poverty in 1823. — E.]

(1) "Read Burns to-day. What would he have been if a patrician? We should have had more polish — less force — just as much verse, but no immortality — a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley." — *B. Journal*, 1813.

(2) See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."

May Moorland weavers (1) boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems — when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected genius! let me turn to you.
Come forth, oh Campbell! (2) give thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! (3) rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own. (4)

(1) Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

(2) It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man:" but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange. — [Beneath this note Lord Byron scribbled, in 1816, —

"Pretty Miss Jaqueline
Had a nose aquiline,
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude,
While Mr. Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mameluke." — E.]

(2) ["I have been reading," says Lord Byron, in 1813, "Memory again, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful — there is no such a thing as a vulgar line in his book." — E.]

(4) ["Rogers has not fulfilled the promise of his first poems, but has still very great merit." — B. 1816.]

What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel —
Bear witness Gifford, (1) Sotheby, (2) Macneil. (3)

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was ask'd in vain; (4)
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.

(1) Gifford, author of the Baviad and Mæviad, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal. — [The opinion of Mr. Gifford had always great weight with Lord Byron. "Any suggestion of yours," he says in a letter written in 1813, "even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the Baviad, or a Monk Mason note in Massinger, would be obeyed." A few weeks before his death, on hearing from England of a report that he had written a satire on Mr. Gifford, he wrote instantly to Mr. Murray: — "Whoever asserts that I am the author or abetter of any thing of the kind lies in his throat. It is not true that I ever *did*, *will*, *would*, *could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal' son; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal." — E.]

(2) Sotheby, translator of Wieland's Oberon and Virgil's Georgics, and author of "Saul," an epic poem. — [Mr. Sotheby has since essentially raised his reputation by various original poems, and a translation of the Iliad. — E.]

(3) Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly "Scotland's Scaith," and the "Waes of War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month. — [Hector Macneil died in 1818. — E.]

(4) [Lord Byron here alludes to the masterly poem of "New Morality" (the joint production of Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere), in the Antijacobin, in which Gifford is thus apostrophised: —

"Bethink thee, Gifford, when some future age
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;

Are there no follies for his pen to purge? (1)
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White! (2) while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

'The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,
'Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!'
Think, then, will pleaded ignorance excuse
The tame secession of thy languid muse?
Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe—
No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound."—E.]

(1) Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad and Mæviad should not be his last original works: let him remember, "Mox in reluctantes dracones."—[Mr. Gifford, become the editor of the Quarterly Review—which thenceforth occupied most of his time,—a few months after the first appearance of this satire.—E.]

(2) Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.—[In a letter to Mr. Dallas, in 1811, Lord Byron says,—"I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great

The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast. (1)

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme — nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius — trite;

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deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. Setting aside bigotry, he surely ranks next to Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notices useless. For my part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable." — E.]

(1) Mr. Southey's delightful Life of Kirke White is in every one's hands. — E.

Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe (1) attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best. (2)

And here let Shee (3) and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow;
While honours, doubly merited, attend
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;

(1) "[I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these times, in point of power and genius."— B. 1816.]

(2) [This eminent poet and excellent man died at his rectory of Trowbridge, in February, 1832, aged seventy-eight. With the exception of the venerable Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving celebrated man mentioned by Boswell in connection with Johnson, who revised his poem of the "Village." His other works are the "Library," the "Newspaper," the "Borough," a collection of "Poems," which Charles Fox read in manuscript on his death-bed; "Tales," and, lastly, "Tales of the Hall." He has besides left various poetical pieces in MS., and a collective edition of his works is understood to be in preparation. — E.]

(3) Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."— [Now (1832) Sir Martin Shee, and President of the Royal Academy. — E.]

Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!
Wright! (1) 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards! (2) who snatch'd to light
Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,

(1) Waller Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled "Horæ Ionicæ," and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.—[To the third edition, which came out in 1816, was added an excellent translation of the "Oreste" of Alfieri. After his return to England, Mr. Wright was chosen Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds. — E.]

(2) The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence. — [The late Rev. Robert Bland published, in conjunction with Mr. Merivale, "Collections from the Greek Anthology." He also wrote "Edwy and Elgiva," the "Four Slaves of Cythera," &c. In 1814, Mr. Merivale published "Orlando in Roncevalles;" and in the

Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound:
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye. (1)

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd: (2)
Let them — but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott! (3) resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud:

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following year, "An Ode on the Delivery of Europe." He is now one of the Commissioners of the new Bankruptcy Court. — E.]

(1) The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

(2) Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co. — [In 1798, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd published in conjunction a volume, entitled, "Poems in Blank Verse." Mr. Lamb is also the author of "John Woodville," "Tales from Shakspeare," the "Essays of Elia," &c.; and Mr. Lloyd has since published "Edward Oliver," a novel, "Nugæ Canoræ," and a translation of Alfieri's Tragedies. — E.]

(3) By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to grammar, than the Lady of the Lay and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth (1) chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let Moore still sigh; let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore;
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;
Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
Let Stott, Carlisle, (2) Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

(1) ["Unjust."—B. 1816.]

(2) It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared

Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays:
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp — that harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood?
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies;

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to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark: —

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen! — ["Much too savage, whatever the foundation might be." — B. 1816.]

A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the phœnix ([1]) 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare, ([2]) and epic blank by Hoyle: ([3])
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list. ([4])
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,

(1) ["The devil take that phœnix! How came it there?" — B. 1816.]

(2) The Rev. Charles James Hoare published, in 1808, the "Shipwreck of St. Paul," a Seatonian prize poem. — E.

(3) The Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of "Exodus," an epic in thirteen books, and several other Seatonian prize poems. — E.

(4) The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon, (1)
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind. (2)

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race! (3)
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's (4) verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's (5) worse.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;

(1) [" Right enough: this was well deserved, and well laid on."—B. 1816.]

(2) This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the " Art of Pleasing," as " lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the " Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary. —[Mr. Hewson Clarke was also the author of " The Saunterer," and a " History of the Campaign in Russia." — E.]

(3) " Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals." — Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

(4) This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen. — [Besides a translation of Juvenal, Mr. Hodgson has published " Lady Jane Grey," " Sir Edgar," and " The Friends," a poem in four books. He also translated, in conjunction with Dr. Butler, Lucien Bonaparte's unreadable epic of " Charlemagne." — E.]

(5) Hewson Clarke, *esq.* as it is written.

Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons glory in their sires. (1)

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared do tell
My country, what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been —
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine. (2)

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,

(1) The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem, by Richards. [The Rev. George Richards, D. D. has also sent from the press "Songs of the Aboriginal Bards of Britain," "Modern France," two volumes of Miscellaneous Poems, and Bampton Lectures "On the Divine Origin of Prophecy." This gentleman is now Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields.—E.]

(2) With this verse the satire originally ended. — E.

While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland (1) fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime, (2)
Where Kaff (3) is clad in rocks, and crown'd with
snows sublime.
But should I back return, no tempting press (4)
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:

(1) A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."— His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.

(2) Georgia. (3) Mount Caucasus.

(4) These four lines originaly stood, —

"But should I back return, no letter'd sage
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage;
Let vain Valentia * rival luckless Carr, †
And equal him whose work he sought to mar."

* Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Mr. Dubois's satire prevented his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland." — Oh, fie, my lord! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist? — but "two of a trade," they say, &c.

† [From the many tours he made, Sir John was called "The Jaunting Car." A wicked wit having severely lashed him in a publication, called "My Pocket Book; or Hints for a Ryght Merrie and Conceited Tour," he brought an action of damages against the publisher; but as the work contained only what the court deemed legitimate criticism, the knight was nonsuited. Edward Dubois, Esq., the author of this pleasant satire, has also published "The Wreath," consisting of translations from Sappho, Bion and Moschus, "Old Nick," a satirical story, and an edition of the Decameron of Boccaccio.— E.]

Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr; (1)
Let Aberdeen and Elgin (2) still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of virtù;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art:
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to rapid (3) Gell; (4)

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(1) [In a letter written from Gibraltar to his friend Hodgson, Lord Byron says, — "I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white." — E.]

(2) Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stoneshop are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judæus!"

(3) The original epithet was "classic." Lord Byron altered it in the fifth edition, and added this note — "Rapid," indeed! He topographised and typographised King Priam's dominions in three days! I called him "classic" before I saw the Troad, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it." — E.

(4) Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display. — ["Since seeing the plain of Troy, my opinions are somewhat changed as to the above note. Gell's survey was hasty and superficial." — B. 1816.]

[Shortly after his return from Greece, in 1811, Lord Byron wrote a review of Mr. (now Sir William) Gell's works for the Monthly Review. See *ante*, vol. vi. p. 296. In his Diary of 1821 there is this passage: —"In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's; — speaking of Collins, he says that 'no reader cares any more about the *characteristic manners* of his eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' 'Tis false—we *do* care about 'the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' I have stood upon that plain, *daily*, for more than a month, in 1810; and if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity. It is true, I read 'Homer Travestied,' because Hobhouse and others bored me with their learned localities, and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand original as the truth of *history* (in the material *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise it would have given me no delight. Who

And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear — at least with prose. (1)

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own —
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never fear avow'd;
And now at once I tear the veil away: —
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house, (2)
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:"
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall; (3)

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will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero? — its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead: — and why should not the *dead* be *Homer's* dead?" — E.]

(1) Lord Byron set out on his travels with the determination to keep no journal. In a letter to his friend Henry Drury, when on the point of sailing, he pleasantly says, — "Hobhouse has made wounded preparations for a book on his return: — one hundred pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c." — E.

(2) ["Singular enough, and *din* enough, God knows." — B. 1816.]

(3) In this passage, hastily thrown off as it is, "we find," says Moore,

Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down;
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared; if my incondite lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare. (1)

" the strongest trace of that wounded feeling, which bleeds, as it were, through all his subsequent writings." — E.

(1) [" The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written — not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it — but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve." — BYRON. July 14. 1816. *Diodati, Geneva.*]

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting*, Muse, whom they have already so be-deviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!"

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, "an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him." What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and slake their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury; — what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there "persons of honour and wit about town;" but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal: those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! "the age of chivalry is over," or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subaudi *esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in "The Satirist"

for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with "The Satirist." He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of "The Satirist," who, it seems, is a gentleman — God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle: I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will endure." I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers, and, in the words of Scott, I wish

"To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

WRITTEN IN 1809–10.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest — and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass — Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, — and repress'd my sighs
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

(1) These lines were printed originally in Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany. . few days before they were written, the poet had been invited to dine : Annesley. On the infant daughter of his fair hostess being brought ito the room, he started involuntarily, and with the utmost difficulty ippressed his emotion. To the sensations of that moment we are in- ebted for these beautiful stanzas — and for several of the following ieces. — E.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling could'st thou trace;
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

November 2. 1808. (1)

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG. (2)

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,

(1) Lord Byron wrote to his mother on this same 2d November, announcing his intention of sailing for India in March 1809.—E.

(2) This monument is still a conspicuous ornament in the garden of Newstead. The following is the inscription by which the verses are preceded:—

The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18. 1808."

Lord Byron thus announced the death of his favourite to Mr. Hodgson: — "Boatswain is dead! — he expired in a state of madness, on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last; never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing except old Murray." By the will which he executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden, near his faithful dog. — E.

By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on — it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies. (1)

Newstead Abbey, November 30. 1808.

TO A LADY, ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING.

When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! (2) will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

(1) In Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany, in which the epitaph was first published, the last line ran thus: —

"I knew but one unchanged — and here he lies."

The reader will not fail to observe, that this inscription was written at a time when the poet's early feelings with respect to the lady of Annesley had been painfully revived. — E.

(2) In the first copy, "Thus, Mary!" — (Mrs. Musters). The reader will find a portrait of this lady in Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works, No. iii. — E.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there. (1)

December 2. 1808.

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerves our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget — canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?

(1) In Mr. Hobhouse's volume, the line stood, — "Without a wish to enter there." The following is an extract from an unpublished letter of Lord Byron, written in 1823, only three days previous to his leaving Italy for Greece: — "Miss Chaworth was two years older than myself. She married a man of an ancient and respectable family, but her marriage was not a happier one than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable; but there was not sympathy between their characters. I had not seen her for many years, when an occasion offered. I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than any one else, persuaded me not to do it. "For," said she "if you go, you will fall in love again, and then there will be a scene; one step will lead to another, *et cela fera un éclat.*" I was guided by those reasons, and shortly after married, — with what success it is useless to say." — E.

Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this —
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear —
It falls from one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;

Yet if they grieve thee, say not so —
I would not give that bosom pain. (1)

1) The melancholy which was now gaining fast upon the young poet's id was a source of much uneasiness to his friends. It was at this iod that the following pleasant verses were addressed to him by Mr. bhouse: —

EPISTLE

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN IN LOVE.

Hail! generous youth, whom glory's sacred flame
Inspires, and animates to deeds of fame;
Who feel the noble wish before you die
To raise the finger of each passer-by:
Hail! may a future age admiring view
A Falkland, or a Clarendon in you.

But as your blood with dangerous passion boils,
Beware! and fly from Venus' silken toils:
Ah! let the head protect the weaker heart,
And Wisdom's Ægis turn on Beauty's dart.
* * * * *

But if 'tis fix'd that ev'ry lord must pair,
And you and Newstead must not want an heir,
Lose not your pains, and scour the country round,
To find a treasure that can ne'er be found!
No! take the first the town or court affords,
Trick'd out to stock a market for the lords;
By chance perhaps your luckier choice may fall
On one, though wicked, not the worst of all:
* * * * *
One though perhaps as any Maxwell free,
Yet scarce a copy, Claribel, of thee:
Not very ugly, and not very old,
A little pert indeed, but not a scold;
One that, in short, may help to lead a life
Not farther much from comfort than from strife;
And when she dies, and disappoints your fears,
Shall leave some joys for your declining years.

But, as, your early youth some time allows,
Nor custom yet demands you for a spouse,
Some hours of freedom may remain as yet
For one who laughs alike at love and debt:
Then, why in haste? put off the evil day,
And snatch at youthful comforts whilst you may!

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink! — who would not? — since, through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

Pause! nor so soon the various bliss forego
That single souls, and such alone, can know:
Ah! why too early careless life resign,
Your morning slumber, and your evening wine;
Your loved companion, and his easy talk;
Your Muse, invoked in every peaceful walk.
What! can no more your scenes paternal please,
Scenes sacred long to wise, unmated ease?
The prospect lengthen'd o'er the distant down,
Lakes, meadows, rising woods, and all your own?
What! shall your Newstead, shall your cloister'd bowers,
The high o'er-hanging arch and trembling towers!
Shall these, profaned with folly or with strife,
And ever fond, or ever angry wife!
Shall these no more confess a manly sway,
But changeful woman's changing whims obey?
Who may, perhaps, as varying humour calls,
Contract your cloisters and o'erthrow your walls:
Let Repton loose o'er all the ancient ground,
Change round to square, and square convert to round;
Root up the elms' and yews' too solemn gloom,
And fill with shrubberies gay and green their room;
Roll down the terrace to a gay parterre,
Where gravel'd walks and flowers alternate glare;
And quite transform, in ev'ry point complete,
Your gothic abbey to a country seat.

Forget the fair one, and your fate delay;
If not avert, at least defer the day
When you beneath the female yoke shall bend,
And lose your *wit*, your *temper*, and your *friend*.*

Trin. Coll. Camb. 1808.

* In his mother's copy of Mr. Hobhouse's volume, now before us, Lord Byron has here written with a pencil, — "*I have lost them all, and shall* WED *accordingly.* 1811. B." — E.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved! — who has not? — but what heart can
declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart 's in its
spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends! — who has not? — but what tongue
will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam — thou never
canst change:
Thou grow'st old — who does not? — but on earth
what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! — who 's not? — thou hast no such
alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy,

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find — do we not? — in the flow of the
soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, — was she not? — but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die — who shall not? — May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY(1), ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done — and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen —
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest —
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

(1) Mrs. Musters.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but whereso'er I flee,
There 's not an eye will weep for me;
There 's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;

Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we 've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I 've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.(1)

1809.

(1) Thus corrected by himself, in his mother's copy of Mr. Hobhouse's Miscellany; the two last lines being originally—

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo 's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.
From aloft the signal 's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time 's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
"Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!"
"Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board."

"Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee, I love but one."—E.

Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their births are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
"Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?"
"Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill."—
"Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! (1) where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.

(1) Lord Byron's three servants.—E.

Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth — and damns our souls.
"Here's a stanza
On Braganza —
Help!" — "A couplet?" — "No, a cup
Of warm water —"
"What's the matter?"
"Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on — as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more? —
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet? (1)

Falmouth Roads, June 30. 1809.

(1) In the letter in which these lively verses were enclosed, Lord Byron says: — "I leave England without regret — I shall return to it without

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14. 1809.

TO FLORENCE. (1)

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:

---

pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab; and thus ends my first chapter." — E.

(1) These lines were written at Malta. The lady to whom they were addressed, and whom he afterwards apostrophises in the stanzas on the thunderstorm of Zitza and in Childe Harold, is thus mentioned in a letter to his mother: — "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word — to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

---

appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five and twenty. She is here on her way to England to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time." — E.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose;
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wond'rous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

STANZAS

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM. (1)

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom —
How welcome were its shade! — ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim —
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

(1) This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October 1809, when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania. Mr. Hobhouse, who had rode on before the rest of the party, and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in, describes the thunder as "roaring without intermission, the echoes of one peal not ceasing to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads; whilst the plains and the distant hills appeared in a perpetual blaze." "The tempest," he says, "was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Grecian Jove. My Friend, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut till three in the morning. I now learnt from him that they had lost their way, and that, after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, they had stopped at last near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunder-storm in the plain of Zitza." — E.

A shot is fired — by foe or friend?
Another — 'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;

And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh. (1)

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's raillery;

(1) "These stanzas," says Mr. Moore, "have a music in them, which, independently of all meaning, is enchanting."

Nor own for once thou thought'st of one,
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

November 14. 1809.

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16. 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS. (1)

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

(1) On the 3d of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate and the

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I 've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

---

writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but, having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to pospone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drown'd, and I 've the ague. (1)

May 9. 1810.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, (2) ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!

(1) "My companion," says Mr. Hobhouse, "had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage; for I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and having to contend with a tide and counter current, the wind blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing."—E.

(2) We copy the following interesting account of the Maid of Athens and her family from the late eminent artist, Mr. Hugh Williams of Edinburgh's, "Travels in Italy, Greece," &c.—"Our servant, who had gone before to procure accommodation, met us at the gate, and conducted us to Theodora Macri, the Consulina's, where we at present live. This lady is the widow of the consul, and has three lovely daughters; the eldest, celebrated for her beauty, and said to be the 'Maid of Athens,' of Lord Byron. Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and, if you could see them, as we do now, through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens.

"Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap, with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders,—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound, and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a pelisse edged

Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.(1)

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

---

with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles; below is a handkerchief of muslin covering the bosom, and terminating at the waist, which is short; under that, a gown of striped silk or muslin, with a gore round the swell of the loins, falling in front in graceful negligence; — white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black, or dark, hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would, indeed, be remarkable, if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading." There is a beautiful engraving of the Maid of Athens in Finden's Illustrations of Byron, No. I. — E.

(1) Romaic expression of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers(1) that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,(2)
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

(1) In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury — an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares — what nothing else can.

(2) Constantinople.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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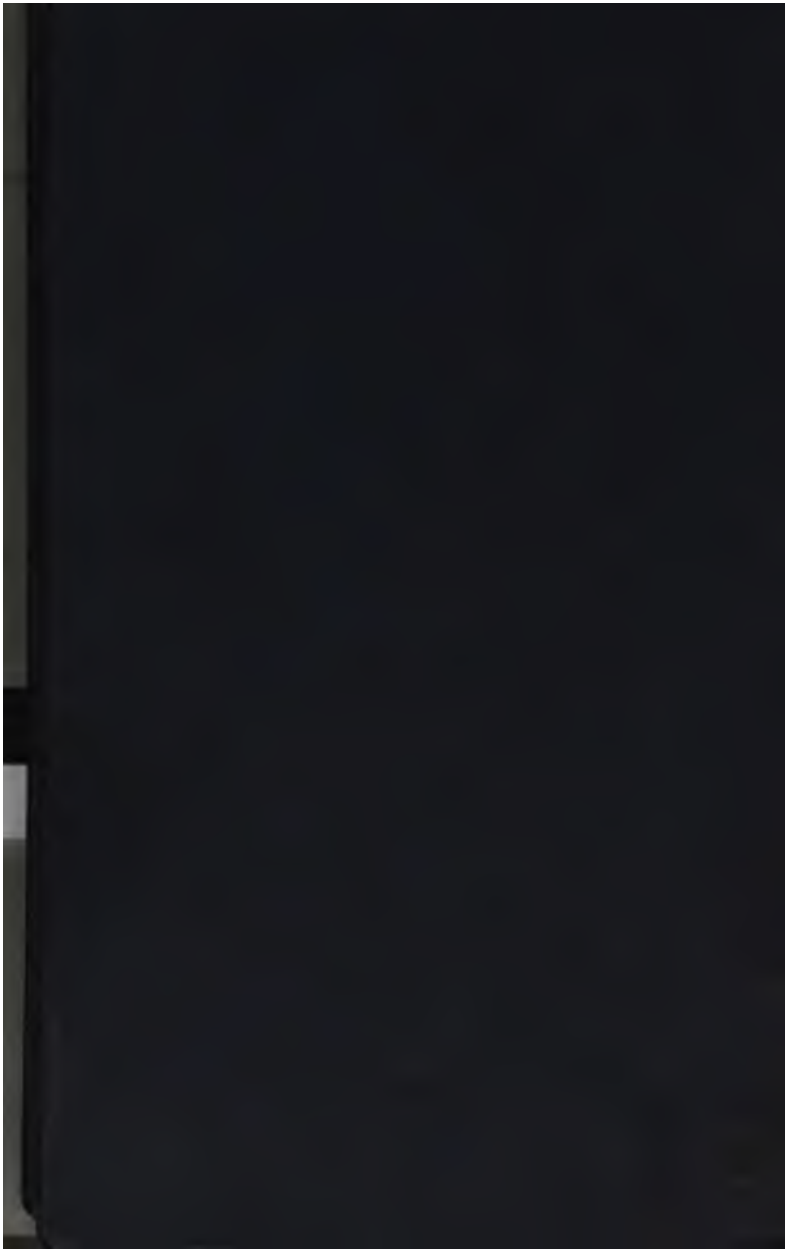
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